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triple5soul.com

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN NYC BY **PHIL KNOTT**
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STYLING BY **KRISANA PALMA**

MAKEUP BY **BRUCE WAYNE**

HAIR BY **ALEX DIZON**

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SAMANTHA MOELLER FAVORITE TV SHOW: ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS

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For advertising inquiries, please contact Adrian Moeller:
adrian@missbehavemag.com, or call (718) 858-0979 x104

Columnists:
JUSTINE D., KELIS, OXY COTTONTAIL, MATT GOIAS, LEAH ROSE, LARRY CONTI, LOIS SAKANY

Contributing Writers:
LAURA CHECKOWAY, MAUREEN DEMPSEY, KATIE HINTZ, JUSTIN QUIRK, PETER RUBIN

Contributing Photographers:
JAKOB AXELMAN, BIG BLACK SNAKE PHOTOGRAPHY INC., ANGELA BOATWRIGHT, JONATHON KAMBOURIS, COLBY KATZ, PHIL KNOTT, DANIELLE LEVITT, SACHA MARIC, CARLIN MAYER, SHANE NASH, JONATHAN NESTERUK, NATASHA PAPADOPOULOU, EMILY RAWLINGS, JARED RYDER, EMILY SHUR, DANIELLE ST. LAURENT

Contributing Artists:
ANDREA VON BUJDOSS, NIGEL EVAN DENNIS

Interns:
JEANNIE CANTAVE, APRIL COLEY, JULIE DAVIS, CANDY JAVIER, MICHELE MARTUSCELLO, MARLEY RIZZUTI

Special Thanks:
STEPHEN SCHUSTER, STAR & DR. JAWS

MISSBEHAVE MAGAZINE
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PHOTO: JONATHON KAMBOURIS

Dude. *Missbehave* is so on the map. Wanna know how I know? 'Cause we got hate mail from the Red States. How frickin' vindicating is that shit? I was so amped I had to make up new punctuation (exclamation mark superscript infinity symbol) and totally get my keyboard bronzed. Straight verklempt. It was basically the proudest day of my life. They hate me, they really hate me! And whatever, all it took to get here was quitting some "respectable" jobs, inducing sleep apnea, quaffing espresso by the steinful, and living on budgets so meager shoestrings would die laughing. Pssshhhhaaa… Cake.

Which brings me to the core four—Brooke, me, Sam, and Sally. Not just 'cause we like, LOVE baked goods and maybe eat with gnarly gusto when we're shipping an issue to the printer, but because when things get really hard, we lean on each other like a big queerball emo group hug. And it makes things easier. Like that one time we slit dude's throat for spilling beer on my Fendi peep-toes. There's no way I could've taken him on my own. Gosh… look at me getting all misty over here.

What I'm tryna say is that I love this crew. And I'm elated to introduce new blood to the cuddle party. This issue we welcome Allison Miller, our new fashion director, Rob Brink, our new staff writer, and Julie our new editorial intern. It's about to get so epic. Especially for Olivia, our editorial assistant, who got hazed so bad this issue I thought she was gonna punch me in the face if I made her write any more articles. Bruh, all *real* writers have carpal tunnel. Just rub some trans fat on it. Goes away in like a second. Pinky swear.

It hurts to make sacrifices. A lot. That's just the way the cookie crumbles (mmm…snickerdoodle). It's tough tryna get things worth having. And that's why our cover subject Mena Suvari's so sickly rad. The girl is surreal gorgeous. She blinks her colossal fawn eyes and by the time you come to, you have to check a discarded newspaper to find out what day it is. But she doesn't just get by on her congenital good-lookingness. Mena makes decisions from the gut, even when it's the least easy choice *and* she gets the most flak. That's so *Missbehave*. No saccharine "autumnal romantic comedy set in New York with Louis Armstrong scoring" for her. Thank God. She's starring in a gang of films, among them a zombie movie and a flick about negligent homicide. Luh that.

You know what else we love? Well, other than laughing at guys pushing PT Cruisers like it's fly. The fact that it's summer! Woo-hoo! We all know what that means—boys! Get your shorts and ethereal summer dress game on, 'cause it's officially hunting season. This issue, we bless all ya'll iron maidens with the knowledge needed to ensnare a man or two to pass the time. Turn to our Ultimate Guide to Dating and get your booby trap on.

On that note (the entrapment note), dear reader, I hope you stay with us. We're hella fun. And whatever, it's issue 4, so by now we're like hardcore besties and you know we stay bustin' our asses to keep killin' it. People hate us, we're so awesome. We're getting stronger and faster and more bananas, so get on the team that's winning. Give me your heart, make it real, or else forget about it. Knawmean?

Besotted!∞

Mary H.K. Choi

Bringing the ruckus:
Noah, Bianca, Dave, Checkoway, Phil, Schuster, Deb, margaritas, Maureen, Shane, Bernard Wilhelm, JC/DC, Lee Lee the radical, Katie, Petey "Jeopardy" Wheatstraw, Call Center Luniz Crew, Michele, Angela, Matty, Elinor, and Sam.

missbehave

PHIL KNOTT

Phil did us the pleasure of shooting Mena Suvari and liked that she was super cool and open to some artsy shit. Phil lives off of Montrose Ave. in Brooklyn with his dog Elvis and confesses he would steal his dog's identity if he could. He also shoots for *Flaunt, Planet, Vibe, i-D,* and a shit-ton of record companies. His fave read is Joris-Karl Huysmans' *Against Nature* (whoa smart points) and his priciest purchase was a '66 Vespa scooter. Though Phil claims a gentleman never divulges his age, he has admitted to a junior-high crush on Toyah Willcox, a punk rocker from the '80s...which gives it away. Ha. philknott.com

LARA BACKMENDER

Lara Backmender styled our incredible Hipgnosis feature with Ms. Boatwright. Between styling VIPs for the red carpet and editorial spreads, 30-year-old Lara likes snowboarding (stating a latent crush on pro snowboarder Jamie Lynn) and making stuff. She also enjoys chillin' with her boyfriend, a whiskey on the rocks, and *Where the Wild Things Are* by Maurice Sendak. This Parsons grad lives in Brooklyn and has lent her exquisite taste to Miss Sixty, *Nylon, Soma, Black Book, Surface, Fader,* and *Anthem* (and that's just for starters). larabackmender.com

AYA KOURA

Aya's Web site is sooo f*ckin' adorable it's insane. This comes as no surprise since the girl is bananas cute. Not only is Aya our Japan editor, but she killed on the makeup tip for our beauty feature and the Pebbles and Castelbajac pics. The most expensive thing the 26-year-old's ever bought is a guitar for her boyfriend. Aya has madeup for *Nylon, Trace, V, Mass Appeal, Swindle,* and some Japanese mags. She works like a demon and relaxes by reading *Gummi Chocolate Pine* by Kenji Ohtsuki... shit, I'm starving. ayakoura.com

ANGELA BOATWRIGHT

Photographer extraordinaire, Angela Boatwright conceptualized, photographed, and cut-and-pasted the "Technical Ecstasy" fashion story as an homage to her fave British design firm Hipgnosis. This 32-year-old badass hustles her goods to *Jane, Nylon, Seventeen,* Urban Outfitters, *Time Out NY, XXL, Revolver, Guitar World,* and *Mass Appeal.* She started off shooting for *Anti Matter,* a NY hardcore zine. She "f*ckin' *hates* mayonnaise" and loves reading stuff her friends write to see into their brains. angelaboatwright.com

OLIVIA ALLIN

Bushwick-residing and editorial assisting Olivia practically wrote everything in this issue, most notably the Mapei Star Search, "Herbal Refreshment," and the JC/DC profile. This 23-year-old lassy slaved at *Jane* and *Allure,* but prefers baking, taking road trips, listening to indie music, and most importantly working at *Missbehave*! In the wee hours, she throws down some Port and decorates her loft apartment, while dreaming of Santa Fe carwashes and California beaches. She has a major crush on Amy and David Sedaris...which is inconvenient as neither of them likes girls. She also relishes writing these contrib things. Whoot!

JAKOB AXELMAN

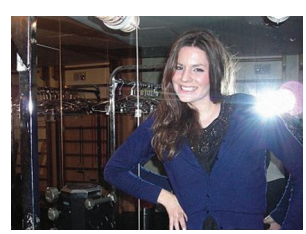
31-year-old Jakob gleefully shot our "Around the Way Girl" fashion story. Serio...with *glee.* This wildly attractive photographer made his first dollar directing a music video for the band Henry Fiat's Open Sore. He resides in Bushwick and enjoys the finer things in life like a good white wine and some quality music, like AC/DC's "Spellbound." Jakob has a stunning kid with our genius fashion director and when asked of his favorite Spice Girl he nonchalantly stated, "Papa Spice." jakobaxelman.com

COLBY KATZ

Colby Katz shot Steed Lord for our Star Search section and claimed they were hella fun to work with. Married with four dogs (holy family!), 31-year-old Colby lives in Fort Lauderdale. This photographer's got two 1/4-sleeve tatts and when she was little she wanted to become a magician. She gave it up 'cause she was too shy. She digs Amaretto Sours and the song "Girl from Ipanema" and her first gig was shooting Todd Solondz, the director of *Welcome to the Dollhouse.* Now she shoots for *Colors, Mass Appeal, Newsweek, Stern,* and *ESPN.* colbykatz.com

KATIE HINTZ

Ms. Katie Hintz wrote our Steed Lord Star Search and Danish designers package. This fashion hound dug their sense of proportion and color and how their surroundings have inspired them. Katie, 24, lives in Hell's Kitchen and loves playing b-ball with her all-girl streetball team. In junior high she hardcore crushed on Brendan Sexton Jr. "the possible rapist from *Welcome to the Dollhouse*" (a movie that is seemingly a running theme with our contributors). Her favorite cartoon character is Stewie from *Family Guy,* and she loves the American version of *the Office.* She's written for Style.com, *ESPN, XXL, King, Nylon, Guylon, Trace,* and *i-D.*



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ミスビヘイブ!

26 REASONS

We Can't Sit Still!

LOT 29

Juelz Santana is hella fine. Plus he's humble and we know that 'cause he's all, Don't watch me, watch TV. Yeah, right. All last summer it was all about a Dip Set hoodie with matching capri sweats with "Ay!" on the tush. Now it's all about Lot 29. Juelz is the spokesperson of the streetwear clothier who has licensed the entire Loony Tunes fam and turned Tweety Bird out dance hall style. The allover print airbrushed Sylvester hoodie goes over good in my newly gentrified hood.

And on the low, if you're mourning the discontinuation of the Iceberg History line this season you should be celebrating the existence of this brand. There it go. From me to u.

—*Samantha Moeller*

MOMOBERRY

HELLO KITTY GROWS UP

Is it okay for a 26-year-old to have a Hello Kitty shrine in her bathroom? It's all good until the boyfriend moves in and starts making demands. Suddenly, your furry Kitty toilet seat cover, toothbrush holder, shower curtain, waffle iron, pillow sham, and matching bedskirt are "immature" and have to be banished to the basement. Guys are such tyrants. Now you're faced with an impossible decision: Kitty or boyfriend?

Don't give yourself a nosebleed thinking too hard about this, because Momoberry is here. Momoberry's a store in which Hello Kitty has gone all high society. The boutique, located exclusively at the Beverly Center Mall in L.A. carries limited-edition items like Kimora Lee Simmons' jewelry, cashmere, and handbags. They also feature an in-house Momoberry line of beauty supplies bearing a more sophisticated Hello Kitty logo, a simple H.K. silhouette. Go to momoberry.com for further details, and in the meantime give the boyfriend an ultimatum of your own—all Kitty or no kitty.—*SM*

BURTON CONTEST WINNER

Okay, you know how *Missbehave* only prints prose so highbrow and sophisticated that you need a Sherpa to get to our level? Sure you do. Anyhoo, Emily Stachnik, 24, hailing from Minneapolis, MN, straight slew the competition in the Burton Love Letter Contest with an ode to her favorite mountain. Burton laced this talented lady with a grip of gear because, well, they're rad, super good-looking, have excellent posture, and are epic generous.

My Dearest Mount Frontenac,
I shiver with anticipation for the moment we connect, for the explosion of snow, speed, and wind that leaves me dizzy with pleasure. Baby, I can always count on you to deliver. You tease me with intoxicating champagne powder, entice me, and tempt my desires. But it's my turn to rough things up. Are you ready? Brace yourself my hunk of mountain love—I'm about to rock your world.
Love, Emily

LOT 29 AND MOMOBERRY PHOTOS: MARLEY RIZZUTI MODEL: NICKIE

INTERVENTION

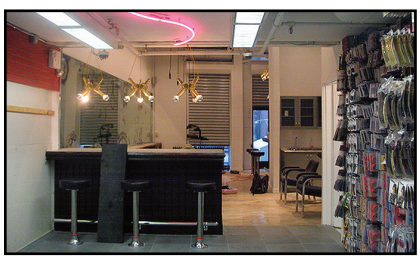
KANYE WEST

Kanye West, I salute your courage, your indefatigability. You've overcome great obstacles to become hip-hop's leading light, albeit at a time when hip-hop is dying on its arse. You turned failure to complete college into a boastful triumph. You laughed off criticism that a millionaire denigrating educational achievement was the last thing that the black community needed. And you risked personal safety by using a Curtis Mayfield sample so hoary that ghosts flew out of it to melt peoples' faces.

'Ye, you always show terrific restraint. Only after the most obscene baiting did you flip on bloggers who'd dared to take the piss out of you, or other bands who won MTV awards that you so rightly deserved. You overthrew hip-hop's aesthetic fascism to not only prove that tubby little men can wear tapered trousers, but you've worked hard to reclaim fruity prep style from chiseled homos and moronic WASPs. Thank you, Kanye. Today any real man can sport a pink polo shirt with a snug Dries Van Noten leather jacket, and a cavalierly tied Louis V neckerchief. It is every man's right to wear a red satin military coat with a Fendi logo shaved into his head. Even if that man looks like a model of Eddie Murphy circa *Raw* made entirely from wet cat food.

You singlehandedly subverted the racial stereotypes of black celebrities being suckers for trampy blonde women and Pat Robertson-horseshit by using Pamela Anderson in a video and waddling around in a bejeweled crucifix. And you told the truth about AIDS being invented by white people.

Dressed up as Jesus and with your mum polishing your nuts to interviewers, you're simply adorable. I just want to grab you by your little diamond-studded ears, ruffle your cheeks and give you a big cuddle. And then crash a plane into your face.—*Justin Quirk*



SHEARS HUSTLE & BLOW

It's not everyday that a salon crops up with a name like Shears Hustle & Blow. This particular gem is hidden in the back of Ricky's in SoHo and the East Village and they're easily the coolest little salons we've seen in ages. Clearly, the witty masterminds behind the moniker had the movie *Hustle & Flow* on the brain but without the unfortunate imagery of Terrence Howard wearing rollers or Taryn Manning's stringy-ass braids. At Shears Hustle & Blow your hair is gonna look right—cuts, blow outs, extensions, and a color bar for highlights, or your color of the month. (And who isn't a sucker for a good blow out?) Plus, the space is mind-blowing (ha) with chandeliers of golden hairdryers, vintage speakers lining the walls, and mirrors with racy pinup artwork. Plus, they have a DJ for entertainment on special nights, and cocktails. Yep, cocktails. The best part is it's also happily devoid of salon snobbery. Shearshustleandblow.com—*Betsey McLain*

NO.1 STUNNA

Stun guns or Electronic Control Devices, are trendy and they work really well. We know this 'cause Rose McGowan carries one even though she has a big machine gun for a leg in that one movie. Don't wait 'til there's a switchblade at your neck to start thinking about these things, 'cause that's like mourning the cancellation of *ALF*... just too darn late.

THE MISSBEHAVE GUIDE TO STUN GUNS:

Stun guns produce 75,000-950,000 volts of electricity. The average wall outlet has 110-220 volts. Keep your wits about you. If you're retarded enough to stun yourself mid-attack you may as well give up, lie back, and think of the queen.

Muster enough balls to hold the stun gun against your attacker for longer than 5 seconds. This buys you 3-10 minutes. There's a big difference between 3 and 10 minutes so run like hell. Don't gloat or pee on him 'cause if he gets up in minute 5, your ass is grass.

Don't use a stun gun near flammable gas or liquids. For example, don't tote it to your day job at the meth lab. You'll cause a fire or explosion, which messes up your profit margins.

Steer clear of those gimmick stun guns marketed to look like cell phones and fug stripper shoes. I know plastic heels are big this season, but maneuvering your foot mid-sexual-assault is a feat best left to professionals.

Stun guns are better than pepper spray in inclimate weather. No burning eyeballs with a shift in wind and unless you're outside, during a monsoon, standing in a thigh-deep puddle, wearing aluminum foil, and pointing the damn thing straight at yourself, you won't get electrocuted with your target.

Stun guns are illegal in HI, MA, MI, NJ, NY, RI, and WI. So if you're in New York, you're just going to have to get a real gun. Or if you're in Wisconsin, you're just going to have to finagle it so you can tip a cow onto your assailant.

—*Olivia Allin*

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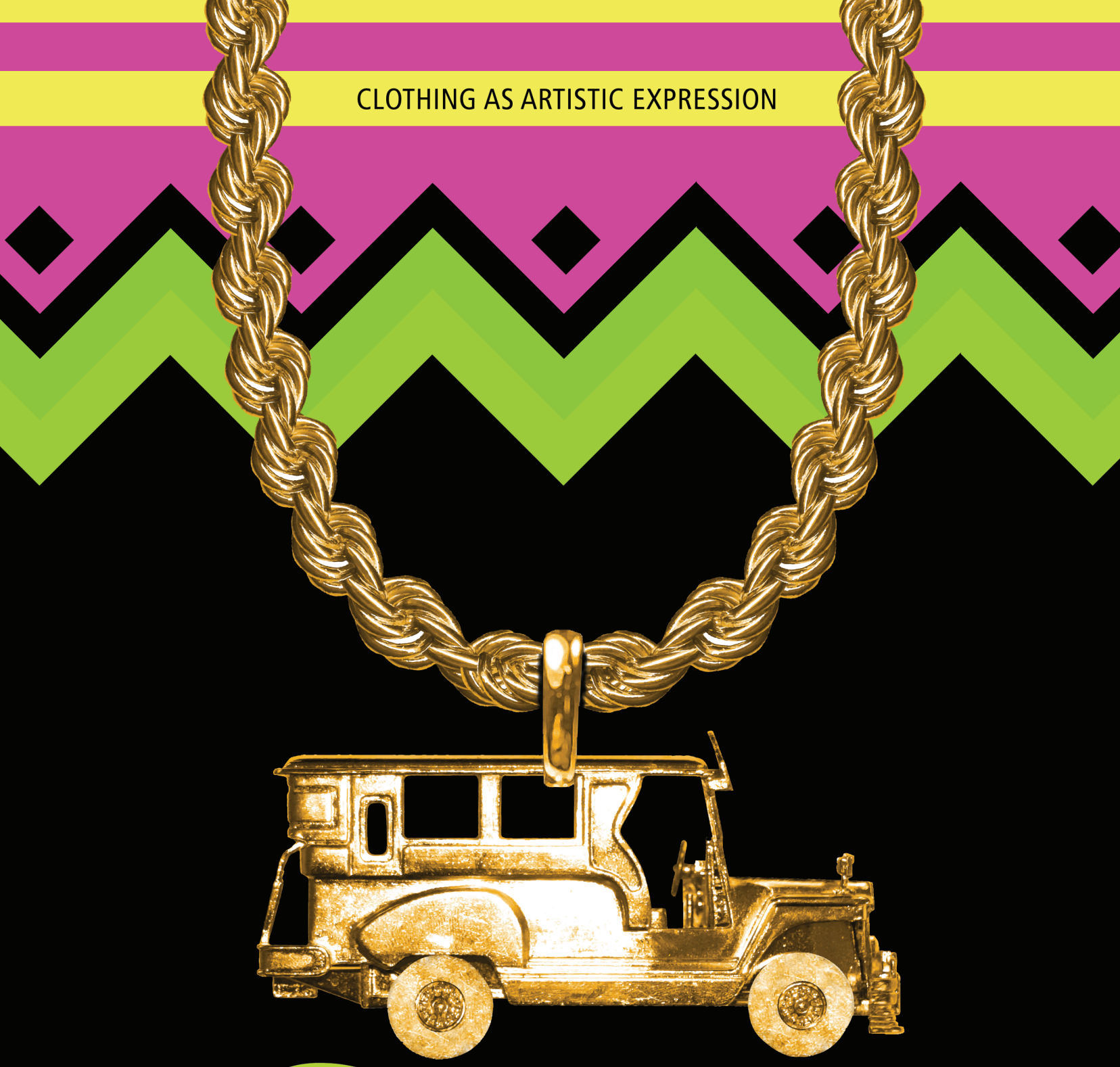

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COLETTE TAKE 2

As you know, the vault of awesome that is Colette just had a big birthday bash. What you may not know is that in last issue we'd said the company was named after French novelist Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette. Um yeah, apparently this is not so. Contrite. Cut to commercial!—*Missbehave*

HEARTSCHALLENGER

BB and Lo are geniuses and, more importantly, they're way cute together. These two sweethearts are the creators of Heartschallenger, a lifestyle brand hatched in the winter of 2005. Heartschallenger has three components—an ice cream truck, music group, and product line.

What's really fabulous is that "ice cream truck" is not a euphemism for something else. It's a literal ice cream truck that roams L.A. art openings, clubs, and raves that's stocked with international candy, ice cream, toys, mixtapes, graffiti prints, and other tasty tidbits. This summer, the duo is unleashing a second truck in NYC.

Heartsrevolution is the sonic amazingness that they head up. BB and Lo lace you with synthy goodness in their debut single, "Choose your own Adventure." Heartschallenger products can be bought exclusively from their ice cream trucks for now, but will soon be available in boutiques on both coasts. Go get a coronary at myspace.com/heartschallenger—*Samantha Moeller*

YASI TRIES...

RECAPTURING HER YOUTH.

Remember how fun high school parties were? Yeah, me neither, but somewhere between the rise of Cory Kennedy and the paparazzi frenzy over that creepy cheerleader chick from *Heroes*, I had to face the facts—youth never goes out of style. Eleventh grade is where it's at. With this in mind, I went deep undercover to investigate the sordid goings on of "kids today." My liaison into High School Party Land is Alex, the adorable 17-year-old who mans the register at the Hundreds store in Los Angeles.

He is reluctant. "I don't really go to high school parties," he dismisses, but I, being a full…um…several number of years older, bully his ass into finding Saturday night jump-offs. Lucky me. Christy* is having an 18th birthday party and we're invited! Actually, we're not, we're crashing Christy's little soirée, but that just makes it all the more REAL.

My child-bearing hips and I pick Alex and his cohorts up around 9PM (9! Seriously, how cute is that?) and I ask them if there will be whippets at the party. Woohoo! Frickin' love whippets! My inquiry is greeted by blank stares. I swear, it's like I'd asked to hit the malt shoppe. I feel really old. We stop at a liquor store where I purchase five Mickey's 40-oz. beers. 'Cause I'm thirsty. Not because I have any intention of dispensing them to minors. Most notably those in my vehicle, thank you.

Then we pull up to 80 SUVs haphazardly parked chez Christy. I shit you not, there are balloons tied to the mailbox. A sprightly girl in a really short dress and tiara comes out to greet us. With her parents. Feeling a little sex offendery, I, along with the boys, get the okay from Mom and Dad and walk in. The boys promptly high-five and "What up, bra?" each other, and I am abandoned to the 50 pairs of eyes on me. I flashback to my own days as an impressionable junior, except this time I have two separate eyebrows (thanks, overpriced waxer!). Despite efforts to "blend in," it seems I have horribly miscalculated what 17-year-old girls wear—Fendi, Louboutin, and Marni. I tug nervously at my $3 leather purse (it's vintage, okay?) and walk over to the table where the 'rents have laid out a smorgasbord of snacks. As much as I desperately want Doritos (mmmm…cheesy triangles), I realize one thing remains constant from my own youth—17-year-old girls don't eat. Certainly not in public.

On the subject of ahem, "figure consciousness," I sneak a sideways glance to find one impressionable gamine pulling out something very calorie-free. A white, powdery (controlled) substance. For the purposes of this article, let's just call it "flour" and say she and her bobble-headed companion teetered off to the bathroom to "bake a cake." WTF? In my high school, nitrous was a hard drug. I strike up a conversation with a girl in leopard pants about how fabulous her Chloé lace-ups are and even manage to snap some pictures under the guise of a "visiting high-school newspaper writer" while her 98 pound, YSL Muse bag toting, friend glares at me like I'm wearing a baby ringer tee and carrying a metal lunchbox. As I'm patting myself on the back for so seamlessly socializing with the youth of today, a young man in a New Era and a Supreme hoodie trots up and blows my cover: "Hey, aren't you Yasi?" Damn! Undeniable success can be such a curse. It seems anonymity can only be assured if you don't have a critically acclaimed and illustrious career as a *Missbehave* columnist and writer. Before everyone realizes I was born firmly in the *early* '80s, I dart out, feeling more than slightly relieved that I wasn't there when the cops inevitably showed up.

American Apparel outfit: $42.77. Five Mickey's 40s: $13.09. Feeling the torment and anxiety you felt in high school and knowing you can leave?: Priceless.

*Names have been changed to protect the (questionably) innocent.

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KELIS ON... Name Calling

People who know me know I have never been "Politically Correct." I don't try to be, because the phrase itself is an oxymoron. We use words to inflict harm, express disdain, or compliment each other, and we use certain terms to describe people and their character. I called my girlfriend a WASPy yuppie the other day. She was appalled. I love her and I didn't mean to insult her, but I was aiming for accuracy and that's how she was behaving. She might feel slighted but maybe it's who she's become. What I'm trying to say is, who cares about what's "correct"? I'm sick of people pretending these sentiments aren't included in the private and very honest conversations they have with their spouses, family, and friends. It's time for some honesty about name calling.

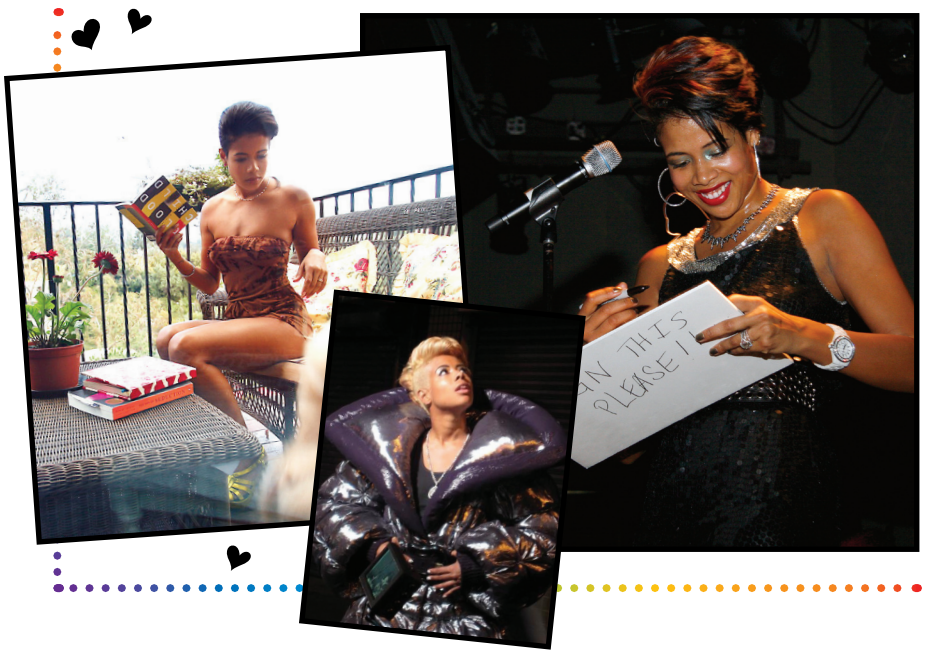
I wish Bush would come out and say it—"I hate sand niggers." How refreshing would that be? It would likely be the most concise, consistent, and true statement he could come up with. Because it's probably how he *really* feels. All these rights, in these United States, but you don't get to say much. Gimme a break.

If I've learned anything from life, it's that people don't have to be racist or prejudiced to prefer their own. Unless you've got some weird self-hating issues, most people do prefer their own. And there are funny little words that go along with this inclination. Just because you don't say the words, doesn't mean that you don't subscribe to these thoughts. If everyone just said what they thought, maybe we could move on, get past it all, and really be free. Take the word nigger. In Webster's dictionary it says, "disparaging and offensive, a black person, dark-skinned people, second-class citizen." We know it's an American word that was used by whites for hundreds of years. Yet "nigga" within the black community means brother, homey, man. It morphed and has turned into something else. I don't know any white people that call themselves "honkies," but that word is also in the dictionary, along with "cracker". What's the big deal?

What's in a name? Some people will answer "everything," but I'm talking about derogatory names, slang, racial slurs. How much power does a word or a name possess? Does a person shape the name or the other way around? My name is half my father's and half my mother's. All my life, I thought it was so funny that my physical features and personality are so clearly divided in two.

On the flip side, why is no one offended or upset when Bill Maher goes on his racist tirades, but when Michael Richards exposes his true feelings, the whole country is in a temporary uproar? Is it justified that Don Imus got fired, or was the punishment excessive? When Paul Mooney make it comedy, is it okay then? How about if a straight man calls another straight man "faggot"? Is it more offensive if the man is gay?

The thing about making name calling so damn sensitive is you start developing too many rules. Like I said, I don't give a f*ck about political correctness. Feel free. Join me.



GRAY KANGAROO

Being an editorial assistant is really fun because it's totally glamorous and lucrative. Actually, not really at all. What it does do is make you a little bit of a lush, 'cause liquor makes poverty hurt less. So you can imagine how stoked I was that I no longer have to puke in my mouth every time I drink my non-top-shelf alcohol. I filtered my good old standby Georgi through this awesome contraption called the Gray Kangaroo, and magically, it no longer tasted like it was made in a bathtub by some dude named Abner. Now my whole bar is filtered and since I refill this empty bottle I found behind my house, no one knows it isn't Grey Goose. A blind taste test [me, Sunday afternoon, sleep mask] proved that the Gray Kangaroo filter makes rubbing alcohol quality booze into rapper-endorsement grade liquor. This is an invention from God (with help from some drunks, maybe). It removes impurities, makes hangovers less brutal, and you can get faced for cheap without having to put out. Buy it for $29.95 at graykangaroo.com —*Olivia Allin*

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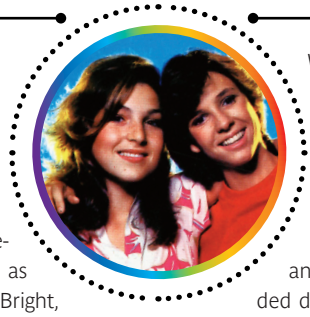
A.D.H.D. FILM SCHOOL

LITTLE DARLINGS



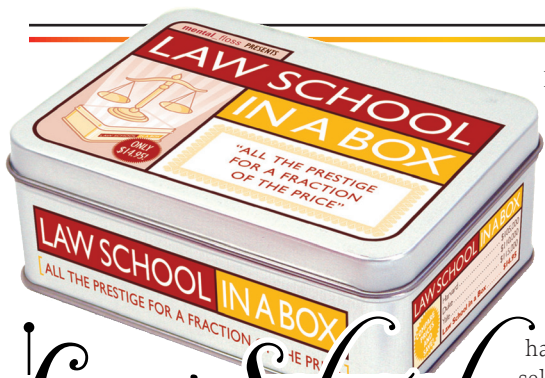
Title: *Little Darlings*
Director: Ronald F. Maxwell
Year: 1980

The Pitch: This rare gem of a film ranks up there with the best of the '80s teen sex comedies and stars Kristy McNichol as spunky streetwise sprite Angel Bright, and Tatum O'Neal as prissy debutante Ferris Whitney. Both girls are sent to Camp Little Wolf against their wishes for the summer of '80, not knowing they'd learn the bittersweet lessons of love. Plus, check for the bizarro Cynthia Nixon cameo.

Why You Should Catch It: Angel and Ferris, fierce rivals from the get-go, enter into a competition to see who'll get their cherry popped first. Angel sets her sights on Randy, played by shirtless superhunk Matt Dillon, from the camp across the lake. Ferris preys on the camp's coach, dreamy Armand Assante, hoping for some D.I.L.F. lovin'. Game on! What the girls first think is just a game becomes much more than they'd bargained for, and they eventually they find that they've got more in common than they thought.

98 pounds of nonstop energy, Kristy looks amazing whether she's puffin' on an unfiltered Marlboro in her slashed, studded denim jacket or covered in apple pie and ice cream for the film's clichéd food fight. Tatum's raspy voice, seductive grin, and baby cockiness are draped in frilly lace tops and pastel floral skirts. Despite ruptured hymens, what remains intact are the girls' spunky spirits and tender hearts.

The bizarre soundtrack includes top-notch crooner John Lennon, and a couple disco-groove-infused tracks by the Bellamy Brothers. Although this film is now out of print and not on DVD, it's still available on fullscreen VHS tape in your local bargain bin. I highly recommend getting your grubby paws on this sugary sweet coming-of-age treat. "I'm Angel... but don't let the name fool ya."—*Larry Conti*



Law School IN A BOX

For some reason, my parents still expect me to get a respectable job. To appease them, I got my hands on Law School in a Box and am pretending to take the LSATs. I learned legal jargon and way useful information about famous cases like Kenny Rogers' lawsuit from rendering a fan impotent with a frisbee. My parents are sorta happy. Me, I'd be way happier with a Dick in a Box. But they only sell those on the black market. In developing countries. Buy your education domestically for $14.95 at mentalfloss.com
—*Olivia Allin*

Verbal DiaLeah

Leah Rose is the music editor of *XXL* magazine and the co-host of "Lip Service," a talk show on Shade45, that airs every Monday from 8:00-10:00PM EST. She's also mean as gangrene on the made-up word scene. This issue's installment is...

Hesi-tug (hez-i-tug) *verb*. The awkward physical contact that results from saying what's up to someone you don't know that well.

Usage: "Dude, I just ran into my boyfriend's cousin at Whole Foods. I was gonna just wave hello but he went in for a hug. It was a total hesitug in front of the pomme frites bar."

FLIP.COM

Flip.com takes over where MySpace left off in the electronic documentation of our super-important lives. Someday archeologists will have to piece together our history from the Internet (the only survivor after our inevitable bloody end) and they will find my painstakingly pieced pages of pictures, electronic stickers, and heartfelt text. They will determine that I was awesome. Flip.com is like making your own electronic magazine without having to deal with all the drama of actually killing yourself for the beauty that is a 100-page glossy. They give you clip art and let you upload music and pictures, allowing beaucoup creativity. Plus it's way better than being a weird scrapbooker—think intro to *Legally Blonde 2*, if you can do so without barfing. Strangely, the Interweb makes scrapping cooler 'cause you're not paying $6 for some puggle stickers—it's free! Make your own at Flip.com and search *Missbehave* to find mine!—*O.A.*

The Diggers Society

T-shirt # 5 by Red Clay

The Diggers Society is **Digital Gravel**'s t-shirt of the month club featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands. These designs will only ever be available to members of The Diggers Society. To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG

panty raid

I see London. I see France. I see maliciousdesigns.com and wanna cop every coquettish underpinning, 'cause designer Sheana Hinesley kills it!
—Jerri Mandarin

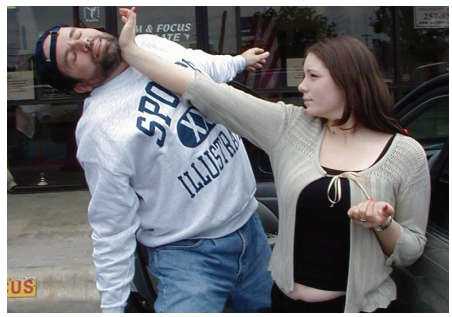
MAKE THIS INTO THIS!

wikihow.com

Picture this—you're walking down a dimly-lit alleyway when you hear footsteps behind you. You quicken your pace while blindly rifling through the contents of your purse to see if you have anything to defend yourself with. Tampons, ChapStick, cell phone…Aha! You have your cigarettes. No, asshole, the plan is not to secondhand smoke your assailant to death. In fact you have something much cooler in store and maybe just as impractical.

1. Break off the tobacco bit. **2.** Peel the paper off the filter, saving the cottony part that is actually a really non-degradable plastic called cellulose acetate. **3.** Quickly burn one end of the filter with your lighter, once it catches fire, blow out the flame and push the molten end onto a hard surface super fast. **4.** Use the back of the lighter to drag the quickly hardening plastic into a sharp angled edge. **5.** Now you have a mini rock-hard knife! **6.** Use your teeny tiny saber to stab your stalker in the eye. **7.** Run.

Phew! Close call, bro. Thank God your stalker was slow in catching up to you. So how did we learn this marginally useful and totally rad trick? Wikihow, that's how! It's basically wikipedia.com, only it tells you how to hack into a Coke machine, lose weight like a model (starve), change your oil, and pee standing up. Which is cool, 'cause you're that much closer to figuring out why they put ice cubes in the urinals, but then kinda uncool, 'cause men's rooms smell like horseshit, cat pee, and microwave cheese popcorn all at the same time.—Olivia Allin



WANNA BATTLE?

OXY COTTONTAIL AND JUSTINE D. JOIN FORCES TO TEACH YOU HOW TO HUSTLE IN NYC

From our experiences, a healthy combination of street smarts, book smarts, and sexiness can make for a very powerful woman. Actions speak louder than words, so don't talk about it, be about it. The below will equip you with enough knowledge to run game on this intimidating city in whatever industry you choose. Always remember, it ain't easy but it's rewarding. As Old Blue Eyes said, "If you can make it there, you can make it anywhere." Good luck, ladies.

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT (The Dreaded Competition)

Justine: Your ideas are precious and will be coveted like newfound treasure. When dealing with the competition, never volunteer too much information about your own projects. Let them do all the talking and make mental notes of what they say. You'd be surprised, people can talk forever. And ever. And ever. I might also add, never ever steal your competition's ideas. It's tacky and so beneath you.

Oxy: Your closest competition is likely a man with big balls, so be bold and grow some too. Hustlers win by taking risks. Forget that annoying question, Why? and learn a favorite of mine, Why not? If your hustle is legal, get a web site. EVERYONE is Big Brother, and your business can't flourish if the public doesn't know about it. Brag when you deserve to and only if you earned it. Socialize in every situation you can—it will never hurt when pitching your product or service to a potential client, investor, or publication.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR ASS (Money, Finances, & Investments)

Justine: A healthy amount of money should go towards investing in your budding business. Be sure to set aside money each week for records, a new laptop or an all-in-one fax/copy/scanner like a HP Officejet 6310, which will set you back $199.98. Whatever it may be, it's key to save for the necessary tools to make you a better businesswoman. Don't worry, that Proenza dress will be yours in the near future. But right now, it's time to put money in your mutual fund.

Oxy: How much is rent? If you're in NY, more than likely it's way too much. Don't share financial facts with strangers. Guard them with your lawyer and accountant. Get an intern or 12. Save all your receipts! In hustling, any hobby can become an LLC with the right paperwork. You probably won't have health insurance for a while, so get to know your neighborhood Planned Parenthood. Your health is your most valuable commodity, and often easy to forget about. Eventually, invest in real estate.

LIVE PHOTOS: AARON GLOEGE (CHICAGO), MICK ORLOSKY (COACHELLA)

Bernard + Björk sitting in a tree...

If you're not absolutely in love with German fashion designer Bernard Willhelm, 34, we totally have to unfriend you. Dead serious. I mean, Willhelm was already brain-bleedingly awesome on his own, but then he went and collaborated with Björk to design costumes for her *Volta* album cover and tour. Now, every time we think about it, the fact that the impresario behind Michael Jackson and dinosaur appliqués hung out with frickin' Björk, makes us cry blood like those scary Virgin Mary statues that make all the believers go batshit.

This is what the genius had to say about their creative process.

"I sent Björk a book with about 100 designs for Christmas. She chose eight outfits, the designs for the brassband, and the sculpture for the record cover from it. [The sculpture] is an Antipode, a mythological figure from the time when people believed the world was still flat, like a disc. Antipodes are creatures living on the other side of the flat world. They are like curly wurlies and have a round ball shape. They can move their feet in and roll away. Björk's a free spirit, like us, so [the process] was easy. We met four times—first, a general meeting, then for fittings and fabric/embroidery choices. We listened to a few tracks when we had the second meeting in London. We decided the brassband had to wear printed bubblesuits in fluorescent colors. The suit is printed with a blacklight–reflective print and we added the Vans to give them a graphic/uniform look. The black-and-white check motif goes well with fluorescent colors. Some [of her costumes] have names. The gold trousersuit is called Grizz and the dresses are called Magiska, Root, Africa, Bulldog, Aprondress, Swazispa, and Pomponcape."

That's why Bernard Willhelm x Björk is to fashion, what the Rapture is to the Protestant belief system. Except Jesus is so not as fancy.—*Marty S.P. Sous*

WHAT TO WEAR (Style & Fashion)

Justine: It sounds a bit insane, but I try to have an outfit change at least two times a day. I suggest three times during the summer for climate reasons. There is an outfit for day, which can be a bit more casual, but then have a second outfit option ready for your nighttime festivities. You'll feel revitalized and refreshed. Along with your wardrobe change, makeup should be reapplied and your hairstyle should be modified as well. People will take notice, especially if you make it seem effortless.

Oxy: You can never have enough clothing, or closet space. In a large lively city it is critical but limited. Your tastes change as often as the seasons, so get a roommate with a similar-sized wardrobe and make any extra apartment space a communal courtesy closet with a rolling rack. Have blush and lipgloss handy, because you never know who you'll run into at the bodega. Stay original, but not too trendy, and keep an eye on sample sales!

HOW TO ACT (Self Conduct & Control)

Justine: Never be a mess when working, I can't stress this enough. A true hustler keeps her composure at all times. Never, ever stumble into work wearing the same clothes as the night before, reeking of Jack Daniels. There is no way your colleagues want to work with a damaged fool who has nothing better to do than boast about her all night dance-a-thon at Pacha. Ewww, Pacha!

Oxy: Five train rides, three cabs, two meetings, and three vanilla lattes. At the end of a long day it's hard to believe that a real hustler has to meet and greet the night people, too. Night is the hour where creative connections are made and ideas are developed. It may turn out that the friend of your friend's sister was a model for the photographer who wants to use you again as a makeup artist, but they lost your contact info. Make mental notes of everything you see and hear in the city. Grow to know your market and study it. And only hang out with successful positive people.

TO SCREW OR NOT TO SCREW (The Dating Game)

Justine: Dating in New York usually scares most people off. It's hard enough to meet that guy or girl in this vast, scary city. When you do meet the person of your dreams, for the love of God, make sure they're not in the cubicle next to you. Too many friends have resorted to the "dating in the workplace is okay" mentality, and it's proven to be disastrous. Don't shit where you eat.

Oxy: The United Nations is more than a pretty building on 1st Avenue. It's a metaphor for the many types and flavors of people you will encounter. This is, after all, New York. Try many before finding one you like. Very often a late-night shag can turn into a weekly shag, and before you know it you've got yourself a weekly massage. Friends with benefits is an easy option for a busy hustler, because after all, a relationship is just another job. Only catch feelings if he caught feelings first.

A.D.H.D.

DILF HUNTER T.I.

Quick! Someone fetch me a generously-sized, durable butterfly net 'cause I'm going T.I. hunting. Yay! Okay, so Clifford Joseph Harris Jr. is not typical of my particular brand of DILF (Dad I'd Like to F*ck). For starters, I prefer to feel lithe and diminutive whilst mounting my trophies and try as I might, I tend not to feel properly "disciplined" when "reprimanded" by those of the bantamweight class. That said, it is indisputable that the southern rapper is one remarkable, highly f*ckwittable father. This dreamboat has sired a regal, if grandiose, brood (Messiah, Ya'Majesty, and Domani Uriah? Gotta love the optimism), and when performing, the King of the South becomes a tsunami of swagger that moistens even the most arid of female nether regions. Mmmm… clammy yammy.

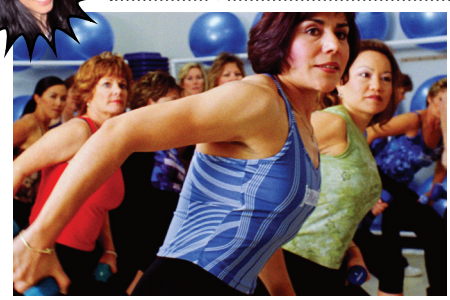
Though personally unencumbered by any such issues of um… condensation, I have to admit I've become petulant and dissatisfied with the mature daddies in my stable. Of late, I feel seedy little hankerings of a more acrobatic sort—a want for the ambitious type of piledriving that only his boyish vigor can properly attend to. Of course we'd start slowly. I'd take his sweet, fine-featured face in my greedy hands and playfully suggest a little game I like to call "Just the T.I.P." At this quip we'd laugh long and hard because, well, f*ck it, it's my goddamn fantasy and I'm clever, hilarious, and very well received in all my conjurings.

The one thing that evades me both in dream and thought is the Rubberband Man's troubling insistence on staying with his puny paramour. Frankly, I don't care what long-defunct R&B troupe with deplorable spelling this woman hails from. She looks like an upright Cornish game hen and it boggles the mind that such unlikely genes survived the last thousand years of Darwinism. It must be a conspiracy. Or perhaps his loyalty has more to do with the hook of that one song by his sensi-obsessed sidekick, Young Dro, where his girl's got a girlfriend. Honestly, that's child's play. If Sapphic supplicants are all that's required, then Clifford dear, bring 'em out.—*Mary H.K. Choi*

Jasper Goodall

British graphic designer Jasper Goodall, 34, is mega prolific and has super big willie clients like Gucci, BMW, Adidas, and Coca-Cola. He also illustrated this sick-ass bathing suit for his brand JG4B. While Mr. Goodall is highly respected in his field for his originality and vibrant psychedelic designs, I'd like to take this spot of ADHD real estate to discuss how fine his ass is. Seriously, go to his Web site jaspergoodall.com right now, hit the "press" link, and check his shit out. Retarded hot. He probably gets hella ass, which you will too if you cop this bikini. jg4b.com—*Vanessa Fisk*

MARY COSIGNS



If you live in NYC, get a New York Sports Club membership this summer. F*ck a pilates class, do it for the conveniently located bathrooms. Hitting up a Starbucks latrine during tourist season is like wearing flip-flops in Chinatown—strictly for amateurs.

SALLY COSIGNS

CHEYCO LEIDMANN'S PHOTOGRAPHY

Currently on view at Galerie Pascal Vanhoecke in Paris cheycoleidmann.com

JG4B PHOTO: PAUL WALRUS STYLE: ALLISON MILLER MAKEUP: JULIANNA HALKA HAIR: HEATHER OLEXA MODEL: JOLI JEWELRY: NOIR NYC

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A.D.H.D.

WTF?

JIMI HENDRIX ENERGY DRINK

So if you haven't been to the bodega lately for Dutches and Tropical Fantasy, the energy drink section of the leaky cooler has a new musician-approved selection. Is it a new flavor from Fat Joe or Lil Jon? No, it's Liquid Experience, brought to you by the ghost of Jimi f*cking Hendrix.

You know what Jimi Hendrix didn't need? ENERGY. The dude had visions and played guitar with his cerebral cortex. Guarana and Taurine are a wee bit extraneous when you're keeping pace with Timothy Leary in the race to be the Bill Gates of the microdot industry.

What makes the whole thing extra necrophagal is that the bottom-feeding corpsef*ckers marketing the skinny-can crack juice have official licensing power of Jimi's likeness. These are the same good people hucking Hendrix lava lamps and "Do Your Own Thing"coffee mugs. This, though, is one freakishly enormous and inappropriate step past "My Grandma Went to Boca and All I Got Was This Lousy T-shirt." Thank Jah that the company's planning to donate a portion of revenues to music education—makes the whole thing better, right? Next on their agenda: tithing Montessori with kiddie-porn profits.

If Alanis needs a re-up on irony: unwittingly shilling an energy product after you died from ODing on sleeping pills and choking on your own vomit mid-slumber? Pretty much a textbook definition. So take a page from the profiteering dickballs who engineer tragedy into perversely fitting knickknacks. Snake the licensing rights and get on your own dead-man grizzle. Princess Di airbags, anyone? Phil Hartman bulletproof vests? Michael Hutchence belts? The world's your oyster, kids, and all patents are pending.—*Peter Rubin*

Come And Get Me!

Though a little on the short side, I am funny, hilarious, comical, funny, good-looking, attractive, handsome, and even good-looking. I have been successful in the arenas of entertainment and fashion and I even own my own company. You know what else? Moms love me. Because I am also generous to a fault, and in keeping with this issue's guide to dating, I will deign to share with you the ways and means to someday score a catch like me.

Have breakfast with me at the Ritz. The one in Paris—One of the world's most opulent hotels, Ritz Paris also has the most unbelievable breakfast one could possibly imagine. Do I even have to tell you what the croissants there taste like? (Oh yeah, please eat carbs—which brings me to my next point...)

Eat carbs—Carbs are healthy and your body needs them. Should you need to fast for several days in order to support this ruse, do what you will. It's just that once in a while it would be nice if we could enjoy some fine Italian cuisine or a burger without you dismantling it.

Wear Rose by Sonia Rykiel—That shit smells nice, yo.

Have a simple haircut—Simple, clean, well-cut hair is so powerful on a woman. Stop it already with the dyeing and the stripes and the geometricness. My first crush was on Crystal Gayle.

Love *Pet Sounds*—*Rolling Stone* incorrectly lists this Beach Boys masterpiece as the number-two greatest album of all time. This is actually the number-one greatest album of all time. If you love *Pet Sounds*, I love you.

Wear a good watch—I'm talking strictly Audemars Piguet, Rolex, or Cartier here. I know you think you're being cute by rocking a Swatch because it's "SO '80s". It is not cute. You look dumb. Grow up. A good watch is one thing in which you must invest. Gucci doesn't count. That's jewelry, not a quality timepiece. Be a lady.

Wear Stan Smiths—Wearing these classic tennis shoes tells me that you appreciate classic design, aren't too showy, and that you are comfortable being comfortable. Definitely a good look. The timelessness of this shoe shows the potential timelessness of you.

Enjoy sitting—Just sitting is one of my favorite activities. Nowadays, it seems like girls are always moving around. Cleaning my house, making me a sandwich, alphabetizing my colognes. Sometimes it's nice to just sit down for a while and conversate for a few. Then we can do what we came to do. Ain't that right, boo?

photo: **BON NGUYEN**

Cutest MISSBEHAVE Subscriber

Missbehave is a magical mystery land of wonder and whimsy. We're not just a magazine, we're a state of mind. Join our squadron of awesome by subscribing and the raddest chick to sign up will get her picture on this page! Cryogenics is so last season, fame is the only way you'll live forever. Are you cute enough?

Name: Marley Rizzuti **Nickname:** Mar **Age:** 23! **Hometown:** Brooklyn, NY **Fave past time:** Hanging with friends, photography, and getting my nails did. **On her MP3 player:** Amy Winehouse **Fave designers:** Jeremy Scott, Daryl K, Norma Kamali, Judi Rosen, Chanel, and MCM **You in four words:** Sassy, classy, friendly, and fun **Dipped in:** Marley air-brushed tank (customized on South Beach, Miami), Marley nameplate, Ksubi Jeans, Jordan Is **Shout out:** My girls Sammy G, and J Flave—GYE fo' life! My boo Pryce, and all the ladies at *Missbehave*!

NEXT TIME, THIS COULD BE YOU!

If you wanna get to muggin' for this page, email your name, age, city, photo, and the name of your favorite band to cutie@missbehavemag.com. Don't try any funny business, we'll be making sure you subscribed for reals. If you try any funny business, we will hunt you down and TP the trees on your lawn. Even if we haven't seen a real-life yard in, like, a kajillion years. Man, we miss foliage.

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PHOTO: Jonathon Kambouris. NAILS: Yoriko Kadono.

My mother told me I need to go to church to find God, but I think I've found him in the blurry buzzing haze of beauty that is the herb of life. If God is the ultimate, then ganja is the gateway drug to the Trinity. Mmmm… Holy Ghost.

One time I made pot brownies, and, upon revisiting them the following day, surmised that my parent's Jamaican cleaning lady had eaten a large portion. I like to imagine that she spent the rest of the day making dandelion crowns and passionately kissing the butler as they rolled around, matting the tall emerald grass. Afterwards, perhaps she lifted her skirts to wade in the granite fountain while picking ripe kumquats from the nearby tree. Maybe in the early afternoon, she allowed the warm sun to bake her full breasts as she licked the last spongy, chocolatey morsels from her acrylic fingernails.

In the hours that followed, perhaps driving to her next jobs as licensed aesthetician, high school guidance counselor, and assistant buyer at Bergdorf Goodman, the sun glowed red through her closed, veiny eyelids. In that warm moment, she must have felt as though God truly loved her. Regardless of what occurred that day, I hope she felt happy because she sure as hell didn't clean anything. —Olivia Allin

NAILS BY YORIKO KADONO FOR VALLEY NYC, VALLEYNYC.COM

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STYLE: Bobsey McGuire

PHOTO: Jonathan Nesterenko

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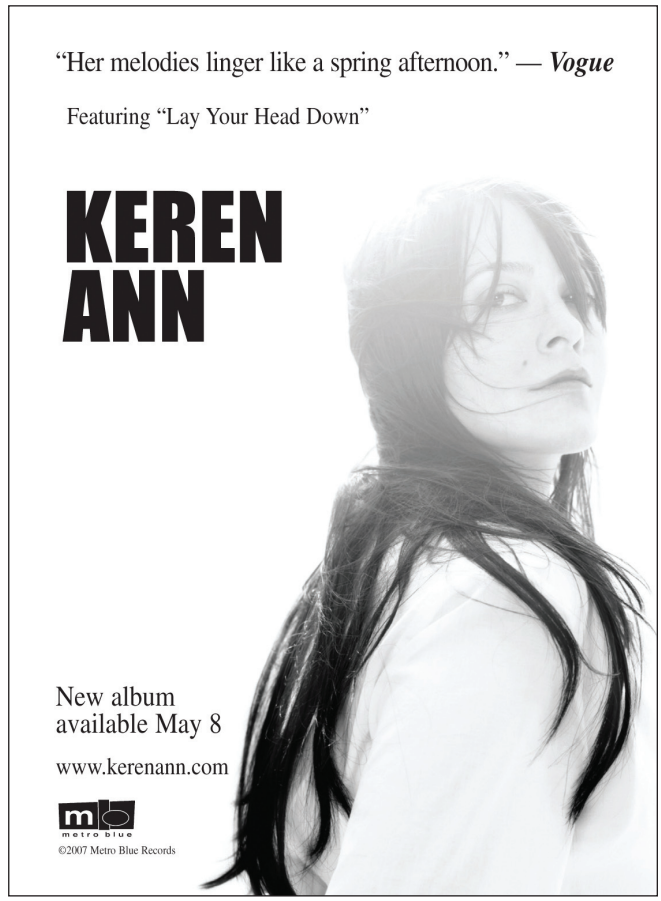
"Her melodies linger like a spring afternoon." — Vogue
Featuring "Lay Your Head Down"
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PEBBLES

Eons ago, when the Skankasaurus Rex and the Lick-alottapuss roamed freely, there was a town called Bedrock. In the town of Bedrock, there lived a modern Stone Age family—the Flintstones. Wilma and Fred fell in love at the Bronto Burgers Drive-in while on a double date with their friends Betty and Barney.

That's the part that everyone recalls. What the granite-etching Pterodactyl failed to commit to this page right out of history is that Wilma, despite her straight-laced hairdo, was kind of a party girl. That evening, undeterred by her neighbors in the backseat, rumor has it that Wilma gave Fred a night to remember. When the couples wed in a dual ceremony at Caves Point, Wilma Flintstone may have already been with child. On February 22, 10,000 B.C., Pebbles came to be.

Pebbles, as it turns out, was a chip off the old bedrock. Sporting a bone in her fiery red coif, the girl was a hell raiser. And on the subject of bone, judging from Bamm-Bamm's obsession with her, Pebbles was a very precocious girl. Armed with Bamm-Bamm's superhuman strength, Pebbles was a force to be reckoned with. Certain historians recount that by the time she was 12, the entire town of Bedrock—from quarry employees to the members of the Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo—was being shaken down for protection money.

Pebbles grew up to be a total hottie, which only fortified her quickly growing power. Today, the legend of Pebbles Flintstone lives on, particularly in the hearts of those of us awesome enough to admire organized crime. Especially if said criminal has incredible fashion sense and a pleasingly svelte physique. Pebbles Flintstone, *Missbehave* salutes you.

—Samantha Moeller

PHOTO: Natasha Papadopoulou

STYLE: Sally Thurer

BONES HOODIE BY **KID ROBOT**, BRA BY **JOE BOXER,** LEOPARD PRINT LEGGINGS (CUT AND LAYERED) BY **SOURPUSS,** DINOSAUR EARRING AND BONE-THRU-THE HEAD IS STYLIST'S OWN.

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA HAIR: KARLA MARIE FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE MODEL: MONIQUE @ WILHELMINA

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design for the Urban Nomad

TICKLE ME TIKI

JINJA MAI TAI

1 1/2 cups Ice
1 1/2 oz. Meyer's dark rum
1 oz. Bacardi light rum
1/2 oz. Grand Marnier
1/2 oz. Almond-flavored syrup
1/2 oz. Fresh orange juice
1 1/4 oz. Fresh lime juice
1/4 oz. Simple syrup (infused with ginger)

Fill a cocktail shaker with ice. Add ingredients. Shake vigorously (while salivating). Fill chilled glass with ice cubes and strain mixture. Throw a pineapple wedge and cherry on top. If not drinking alone, repeat. Hell, repeat even if drinking alone.

'Cause Pacific Islanders Merit a Separate Box!

BETH PREFERS NOVELS ABOUT HEADSTANDS.

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THIS PAGE: FRANKENSTEIN JACKET BY **JCDC COLLECTION.** NEW ERA BY **JC DE CASTELBAJAC.** FACING PAGE: GOLDEN JACKET AND NEW ERA BY **JC DE CASTELBAJAC.** LEGGINGS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL.** SHOES AND JEWELRY ARE STYLIST'S OWN.

JC de CASTELBAJAC

PHOTOS: Shane Nash STYLE: Sally Thurer

Top 10 Reasons to be Super Obsessed

Jean-Charles de Castelbajac is a 58-year-old French designer who completed his first collection in 1968. He's a total man boy who continues to be inspired by toys while creating pop-tastically original designs—even in his fourth decade on the job! Here's the rundown.

10. In 1988, he made a coat fashioned entirely from teddy bears that was worn by Diana Ross and Madonna. His styles are diva-approved—even Elton John digs them. **9.** Castelbajac is a frickin' marquis. Born into one of France's oldest families, his ancestry can be traced back to 829. Shit, old money and noblemen. Bring on the she-rections. **8.** His designs for Iceberg sweaters in the mid-'80s featured Looney Tunes and Peanuts characters and were worn by Lil' Kim. Yay, juxtaposition of sex symbol and fragile childhood memories! **7.** He's down with the London grime and neo-rave scene and they call him the awesomest nickname ever—JC/DC. Toss a lightning bolt in there, and he's ready for alcoholism. **6.** He's collaborated with many incredible artists and designers including Mapplethorpe and Keith Haring. **5.** In 1997, he dressed Pope John Paul II and 5,500 priests and bishops in rainbows for National Youth Day celebrations. Apparently the Pope was unfazed by the gays who'd already claimed rainbows. The pontiff went ahead with plans saying that rainbows weren't copyrighted. Papal gangsta. **4.** His girlfriend Mareva Galanter is so bangingsome it's insane. She's a French popstar, actress, and former Miss France. Plus she's 28! His first wife was a fashion journalist...you know JC, I'm a fashion journalist! And I almost applied for Miss Teen U.S.A. once...before I was rudely introduced to puberty. Stupid puberty. **3.** He made his first perfume in 2001 called "Doudou" and it smelled like paste and almond. As all girls know, our poop does in fact smell like almonds...and yes, okay, paste too. **2.** He made a music video starring his girlfriend wearing a giant Hello Kitty head prancing around Paris and called it "Hotel Kittyfornia." Shit, it's like he is on a 40-year acid trip, only with all the talent and impressive productivity of a Philip K. Dick android. **1.** He has a super highly anticipated New Era collabo coming out [pictured] with appliquéd bug eyes, jagged teeth, and snake tongues in spastic colors. He's rad. Fin.

jc-de-castelbajac.com—Olivia Allin

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA HAIR: REBECCA NAFTZGER FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE MODEL: VICTORIA @ WILHELMINA

MAKE IT RAIN

Get Wet for Plastic Accessories!

PLASTIC VISOR BY **FORNARINA**, RAINCOAT BY **RUBBER DOLL**, "BABY G" WATCH BY **G SHOCK,** SUNGLASSES BY **FRED FLARE**, BELT, BRACELETS & EARRINGS BY **NOIR NYC**, BODYSUIT BY **KAREN WALKER**. GRAPHICS BY **NIGEL EVAN DENNIS**

PHOTO: *Danielle St Laurent* STYLE: *Allison Muller*

MAKEUP: SARA STEWART HAIR: REBECCA FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE MODEL: BRIANNA @ WILHELMINA

Shady Glory

The Lack of Transparency in Government is So Pretty!

PHOTO: *Carlin Mayer*

STYLE: *Allison Miller*

MAKEUP: MARIKO TAMEGAI MODEL & HAIR: KIM MATULOVA

In 2001 the first privately funded space tourist was American businessman and former NASA Jet Propulsion Lab engineer Dennis Tito. His little intergalactic jaunt cost him a cool $20 million, which makes him 37% more attractive 'cause rich guys are hot. Anyway, I went to space last Thursday with a bunch of fly Russian cosmonauts and to do so, I not only had to cash in all the espionage favors I did for them during the Cold War, but promise to wear this Jeremy Scott bustier so they could ogle my twins. Which, in all fairness, are spectacularly buoyant in any atmosphere.

I felt kinda special for a second but lately, the final frontier is easier to get into than Les Deux. Ever since Richard Branson created Virgin Galactic with flights commencing in 2009, for a measly $200,000, anyone with a little walk around cash can escape velocity.

Kate Moss, Dave Navarro, William Shatner, and Paris Hilton are all rumored to be future passengers. And even though riding a Virgin space shuttle is probably as close to chaste as that slut is ever gonna get, this is a fortuitous thing. When the four of them look at the blues and greens of their beautiful carbon-based earth, only to see a hulking great asteroid hit the shit out of it to obliterate oxygen-rich life as they know it, they're going to have to repopulate humankind. That's when we'll all be grateful that Paris Hilton is a big whore with super low standards. Even if that first kid with Dave Navarro is gonna be a total throwaway.—*Mary H.K. Choi*

FOIL TOP BY **NORMA KAMALI,** BUSTIER & STAR JEWELRY BY **JEREMY SCOTT,** VEGAS LEGGINGS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** MINIDISC EARRINGS ARE STYLIST'S OWN. STYLING BY **SALLY THURER**.

PHOTO: *Brooke Nipar*

ART: *Nigel Evan Dennis*

ASTRO GIRL

STYLE: Samantha Moeller

PHOTO: Jared Ryder

OMG! Rainbow 4EVA!

ROYGBIV

photo: **DANIELLE LEVITT**

LESLEY ARFIN
READ HER BOOK NOW!

Coming-of-age books for girls suck. There's always some horrifying war-torn backdrop, gang rape, or congenital retardation that must be overcome with inner strength and belief in oneself. It's small wonder we desperately cling to Judy Blume. *Forever* was published in 1975. How sad is that?

Be grateful that Lesley Arfin, 28, wrote *Dear Diary.* It's a spectacularly self-indulgent recount of Lesley's life growing up in Long Island, getting into trouble in New York City, getting addicted to heroin, getting clean, and then writing her memoirs.

Sure, someone in their late twenties writing their life story might induce bladder-rattling douchechills, but *Dear Diary* is the most vivid account of preteen and teenage female life ever. It's awesome. "Look," begins the author, "I told the truth. The book is a little bit gay. I did that intentionally. I'm not that cool. I don't care about that anymore. I just wanted to be honest." The book, composed of faithfully reprinted journal entries, conjures memories of how fantastically awkward growing up is. And somehow it manages to run the gamut from the sweetly innocent ("I kissed Chad Hooper. We Frenched. It was romantic because it was raining") to the deliriously intense ("his fingers felt huge and foreign in my preteen pussy. He proceeded to ram his fingers in there like I was a 32-year-old porn star.").

Lesley's candor doesn't stop there. Included amongst the entries are hysterical updates in which she interviews all the people who tormented her in her youth (her own parents included), and the jarringly matter-of-fact rehash of her drug addiction. "When I was sober," she reflects, "I was too timid to try things. Drugs enabled me to grow a set of balls. I would've done way more meth but it wasn't available. People write about drugs and there are devastatingly low bottoms. Comparatively, it's not like I was hooking at the Point. I totally went to Betty Ford."

Presently, Lesley's clean and works reservations at the Maritime hotel when she's not being an author superstar. She's happy, but without that android-like cloying bible scripture thing going on. Plus, she carries a self-help book from the '70s called *The Transcendental Meditation Primer: How to Stop Tension and Start Living,* which is so quirky you want to befriend her immediately. Even if your fickle seventh-grade ass would've frozen her out like a second later.—*Mary H.K. Choi*

RUBEN SZNAJDERMAN

MAPEI
VALHALLA ATCHA GIRL.

Being on tour must be awesome. I am way jealous of anyone who a) has groupies and b) has a bus. 'Cause buses are really soothing. Jacqueline Mapei Cummings is a 23-year-old Swedish rap star who is presently on tour. She goes by her middle name, Mapei, which by the way means "mulatto woman" in Bassa, a Liberian tribal language. While I feel weird typing "mulatto," I feel less racist about it since it's a direct translation. Mapei is half-Liberian and half-ItaloAmerican. Normally I maim or kill people whom I envy, but Mapei is sickly talented so she will not be harmed. She spits from a bathtub about trannies and eating chicken, which is what I'd rap about if, you know, I was a talented rapper.

She's extra great because the video for her single "Video Vixens" prominently displays the rotund rump shaking of hot chicks in animal-print spandex. This reminds me of pogo-sticking in a safari of dismembered animals, but without the part where I get arrested. Her beats are incredible. I would describe her sound but Mapei does it better: "Diana Ross dining with Kate Bush on a Sunday night in Detroit while listening to 2 Live Crew, dead prez, and Kool Keith in some titty bar," she says, while adding, "neon lights, discussions, and some drugs."

Chemistry has a lot to do with why being on tour in Europe is awesome. "The vibe is low-drama because of all the hallucinogens," the rapper explains. But she's quick to comment that she'd love the chance to hang out stateside because she loves Chef Boyardee and the noble American past times of "road rage and drive-thru rage."

So while I'm still covetous of Mapei's life (she gets to be on a bus while potentially shrooming), I'm able to forgive her 'cause when I asked her if she wore clean underwear on tour she responded with, "Underwvear? Vhat ish that?" Word. Underpants are for losers. *myspace.com/mapei*—*Olivia Allin*

STEED LORD

WRECKIN' SHOP FROM REYKJAVIK

Prince, The Diplomats, Janis Joplin, Lil Jon, Shut Up And Dance, Rick Ross, and New Kids on the Block. Few bands have an inspiration list so diverse, but then again, few bands sound like Steed Lord, the unsigned unit out of "New Crack City" (a.k.a. Reykjavik), Iceland, currently crashing onto the electro-house scene.

"Nobody is doing what we're doing right now and Steed Lord is bringing it," says a hyper A.C. Banana$, 25, the group's grillz-flashin' MC. "I mean, we own this shit! We mix it all together—dance music with that gangsta twist."

A.C. is the "gangsta twist" that complements vocalist Kali, 28, beatmaker M.E.G.A, 28, and "the young cat" producer Demo, 18. The foursome joined forces a year ago when Demo (younger brother to both M.E.G.A and A.C.) gave Kali (M.E.G.A's girlfriend) a beat for her birthday. Once the other two brothers jumped on the track, Steed Lord was born. Now the group is tearing through the Icelandic club scene with their signature heavy synth laced over Kali's Madonna-meets-Tiffany pipes. With songs like "Who U Wit" (A.C.: I'm wit my gangstas/we be ridin' rich/We make the crowd go, Wow/'Cuz we own this bitch) and "Dirty Mutha" (He's. A. Dirty. Motherf*ckaaaa.), the hip-hop influence is clear.

"Our mother was a stewardess, so she brought fresh stuff from the U.S.," explains M.E.G.A in a slight accent. "We've been listening to gangsta rap since day one. The first album I fell in love with was *N.W.A and the Posse*."

Kali brings the most experience to the group, recording tracks since age 7 (her father is Icelandic music star Bo Halldorsson). After which she released two pop albums under the name Svala ("swallow" in Icelandic) before returning to dance/electro/techno with Steed Lord, which is where her "heart is at."

Take one look at the group's get-ups, and it's clear their hearts don't just lie in music. "I've always been a big fashion freak!" exclaims Kali in her valley-girl voice. Rocking fluorescent tracksuits, allover-print hoodies, Tinkerbell-ish dresses, '80s-style shades, and pounds of gold, the Steed Lord style statement is clear: brash is back and Day-Glo is the new black.

Luckily, with tour plans on the horizon, fans can see this style and music explosion in person. "In 2007 we're gonna go crazy, playing in the U.S., U.K., Australia and Germany," says M.E.G.A, excitement trilling in his voice. "We put everything into our live show and we're hoping to blow people's heads off!" In the meantime, get poised for decapitation at *myspace.com/steedlord*.—*Katie Hintz*

photos: **COLBY KATZ**

AMANDA BLANK

PHILLY RAPPER ON THE COME UP

I'd been harassing rapper Amanda Blank for days when I finally got her on the line. Having just engaged in some lazy Sunday afternoon "boo lovin'," Blank, 24, was still lying in bed when she picked up. Lying in bed. Naked. Now, I'm all for professionalism and as this was our first time speaking, I was gentlemanly enough to wait three minutes before engaging in important topics like fingerbanging, handjobs, and boners.

Blank, as I found out, will talk and rhyme about anything. The Philly-adoring MC just wants to have a blast and pursued rapping as a laugh—jumping in on the boys while they were freestyling and smoking blunts at high-school parties. Then, after graduation, television-less and inspired by boredom, Blank wrote silly songs about doing the dishes and cooking dinner with her roommate. She then recorded the tracks with friend and producer, Spank Rock.

Her attitude has been totally breezy. "How seriously can I take myself?" asks the fun-loving rapper, "People know I'll do anything just to tell the story the next day. My music isn't only about cocaine and blowjobs, but you can't *always* have a message. People are over it, they want to hear something that will make them move." Blank, whose musical inspiration spans from Whitesnake to Cat Power, also records as the singer of indie pop band Sweatheart, when she's not collaborating with her indisputably talented friends. "I have good people around me—XXX Change, Diplo, Spank Rock, Low B, M.I.A." Blank says appreciatively. "To know people who are doing shit that you like makes pursuing this much easier. F*ck it, if no one else likes it at least my friends do."

Her fashion sense is also pretty compelling. She rocks the 1992 stripper look, a.k.a. the Kelly Bundy—tiger-striped long nails, stirrup leopard print stretch pants under shitty jeans, lots of fake gold, and David Lee Roth hair. "Oh my God, I'm going to be so ridiculous if I ever make real money," speculates the singer, "I'd be such a f*cking spectacle. A whole room of makeup and my own personal air-brusher." Which is just freaky 'cause that's the *Missbehave* office in a nutshell. myspace.com/littleamandablank—*Rob Brink*

MAKEUP: MARIKO TAMEGAI

photo: **BROOKE NIPAR**
style: **PRETTY SHITTY AS IMBA**

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Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought.
- Cleopatra

TRAP or DIE

Missbehave's Ultimate Guide to Dating

Loneliness blows. It does. And if you say that being single isn't lonely, it makes us way sadder for you, the delusional girl saying it aloud. Alone. As the words ping off the apartment wall to land in front of your morbidly overfed cat. But fear not. Combating loneliness may be hard work, but trapping and keeping a worthy mate is a mere four-step process. And no, drunk crying into some married guy's sternum during the act is not one of them.

Before we begin: In this mission, the will of your chosen mark is an opposing force. Landing a love is like World War I trench warfare. The fun part is that your opponent's line of defense is mutable. The shit moves. Besiege it steadfastly at precise pressure points, at disciplined intervals, and you will soldier through to claim what is rightfully yours. Poppies will bloom where his former bachelorhood stood and the townspeople will drink mead in your honor. It'll be great. Even if mead is an anachronism.

CAUTION: The heart is fickle. You must hold onto your hard-won spoils. This article also tackles how to inspire the requisite Stockholm Syndrome to keep your captive captivated. *Missbehave*'s giving like that.

The mantra is: Choose him, date him, bed him, keep him.

WORDS: **MARY HK CHOI** ILLUSTRATION & DESIGN: **QUEEN ANDREA**

Okay, first things first. To calibrate the finer gambits in your attack, you must know with whom you're dealing. Just as field tests are superior to lab tests, learning about your desired dude in as close to a natural environment as possible yields heightened accuracy. In this case, the context is the Guy Clique.

Dudes, like any other social primate, roll deep. Plucking the Alpha in silverback gorilla territory is easy—he's the one raping everyone. However, dissecting a group of human males is much more difficult. You must employ what cultural anthropologists call Entourage Methodology. Like its female counterpart, Sex in the City Methodology, EM is based on the cardinal dictum that a guy is either a Vincent Chase, Eric, Johnny "Drama", or Turtle. It is important to remember that where your guy falls in the pecking order does little to dictate how happy he'll make you. Choose the one that best suits you.

VINCENT CHASE A.K.A. "THE INORDINATELY HANDSOME GUY"

It is the folly of amateurs to assume the best-looking guy is the Alpha. Not so. This guy, though armed with eyelashes long enough to provide shade, is often taking cues from someone else. And he's unbelievably boring. **Pros:** A face you've gotta sit on to believe. **Cons:** The verbatim and constant repeating of one or two semi-witty insights that, in time, will abrade your nerves like Chinese water torture. **How to lock him down:** Remain unfazed by his good looks and appreciate his sense of humor/intellect, and foster his super-earnest burgeoning interest in architecture/wine/photography/French film. Few people truly "see" him—be one of them and he's yours forever. **Watch out for:** Hot guy gets exponentially more attractive to other females the nanosecond he looks remotely wifed up. And he enjoys the attention.

ERIC A.K.A. "THE ALPHA"

Alphas are a challenging and tempestuous people. They are therefore highly rewarding to date seriously. You may be shocked at your very textbook, very...damp response to power. **Pros:** Killer pipe game. If he's an Alpha and a Top, he'll slay you with aggressive, dynamite rutting. And pay for your cab ride home. **Cons:** Like ducking the boom on a boat, when it's dick-swinging time, just get out of the way. Alphas argue with legalistic, android-like precision to "win" rather than resolve issues. He will try to trip you up on inconsistencies and technicalities instead of finding compromise. **How to lock him down:** Two ways to go: be nurturing and anticipate *all* his needs. Wear yellow rubber gloves whilst doing his dishes and mournfully sing Pearl Jam's "Better Man" into the tepid suds. But if you're playing the long game, convince him of your capable nature—you can steer, too. This takes forever to achieve, but once it's done, he'll be relieved for the respite. **Watch out for:** The sheer weight of his calculating brain makes his little neck hurt and he's given to depression—the highest horse is a lonely place.

"DRAMA" A.K.A. "THE BETA" OR "ROBIN, NOT BATMAN"

Cake to manipulate if you're an Alpha female, because all you have to do is pretend to defer in a way that ultimately meets your own ends. **Pros:** Pliant. **Cons:** Posturing. He needs to recount the most mundane details of his conquests, even if said accomplishment is how he "bodied" that sandwich. Prone to surliness. Gets ruffled easily by anything that reminds him he's not the Alpha. **How to lock him down:** Lady Macbeth him. Speak of his enormous potential. Let him bristle at the word "potential." Wait a beat to reassure him that it's not that his present standing isn't impressive—it's that armed with your faith in him, he could be king. **Watch out for:** General moodiness. Also, Betas are compulsive, so steer clear of the ones who manifest this with a drug/alcohol/masturbation addiction.

TURTLE A.K.A. "THE FAT FUNNY ONE"

This is a guy who can make pretty much any girl truly happy. Loyal as hell with an endearing meathead streak. His ex-girlfriend is always either inconceivably busted or lightyears out of his league. **Pros:** Salt of the earth. **Cons:** Borderline monumental man mammaries. **How to lock him down:** His physical insecurities make him more susceptible to self-doubt, so support him fully in his endeavors. Blithely draw up the blueprints for the heist while handing him a plate of cobbler. **Watch out for:** Waking up and realizing that you're plotting to trade up for some biceps with that six pack. Which makes you as big an asshole as everyone else.

CAUTION: Avoid the clique-less guy. Don't question, don't peer into his psyche for understanding, keep it moving. Like a clam that doesn't open when you cook it, your curiosity will only be rewarded with the emotional equivalent of explosive diarrhea.

DATE HIM!

Once you've locked your target, it's time to...get his periscope up. If you are both part of the same social circle, drastically reduce the occasions in which he'll see you. If you've only just met him, steer the conversation toward a humorous anecdote predicated on the name of your employer. If he's not retarded, he'll decipher how to email you. Make one jarringly lewd comment, continue to banter, and then touch his forearm for emphasis. Men constantly look for signals that you want to sleep with them; this one-two combo will register on the intimacy-meter as a handjob. Make your exit shortly thereafter, leaning decisively into a swift cheek kiss. These are the ONLY two times you should make contact. You compromise the integrity of the initial shock, and by touch number eight he's (often incorrectly) divined that you're "dumb open." So leave. Do not look back. When you are on the pull, always remain in uniform. Dress almost imperceptibly off-kilter—slightly overdressed or subtly old-fashioned, never theatric. Like a javelina falling into a leaf-covered pit, once you get him to come over, your guy's fate will be sealed.

PROP STYLING YOUR HOME:

Here you hold absolute dominion. Home is where preparation meets opportunity. If you own raffia for gift-wrapping, chances are you're a fastidious homemaker. Great. If you seem to have misplaced your cutting board, you may require more help. All the articles under your roof function as part of the legend to your proverbial map. Often due to the gnarly state of their own homes, guys will view a relationship with you more favorably if they can upgrade their domestic standard of living. Do not argue the fairness of this reality and don't worry. If you loyally follow this guide, eventually you can outsource all cleaning duties. Okay, on to visual cues.

Beg, borrow, steal, or buy the following:

Kitchen: A bowl of lemons and limes, one very good knife, a seemingly lovingly worn pepper mill, a bottle of top-shelf vodka in the freezer, chilled beer glasses, beer, whiskey (you can go quirky and insist you only drink the cheap stuff or rifle through a *GQ* and cop whatever they suggest. Remember to google it for the requisite talking points). Also, include both lotion and hand soap by the kitchen sink. Do not buy Bath & Body Works. Have a little heart and spring for the L'Occitane.

Living Room: Throw some pictures on the wall, especially if they are of you palling around with dewy hot girls. Prominently display some hefty coffee table books (anything with esoteric album cover art or Teutonic architecture). In your bookshelves include an atlas, *Maus*, *Kavalier & Clay*, books on fashion, back issues of *Mass Appeal*, *Grand Royale* and *ego trip*. Sprinkle some presidential autobiographies in the mix and one or two books he can pick out and make fun of you for—*Baby-sitters Club*/Judy Blume. Remove all the self-help stuff and anything with the words— "Confessions," "Diva," "Shopping," and "Wedding" in the title. If the cover has cursive on it, ditch it.

Bathroom: Make sure you have some girly toiletries especially fancy (non-drugstore) facial exfoliant which he will assuredly help himself to.

CAUTION: DO NOT geek out. The male gender is egotistical enough to believe that any overtly savvy object, be it a book or a CD, must be the vestigial remains of an ex-boyfriend. He'll find it implausible that you bought the entire Bendis/Maleev Daredevil comic book run or the Kwest tha Madd Lad album yourself. Let's be real, you probably didn't. There is no reason to give him context clues about anyone previously in your bed. Watch the hair on the floor. If he's ever lived with a girlfriend before, he's long tired of unspooling follicle from half-chewed mouthfuls of food and the crack of his ass.

THE CORRECT NUMBER OF PEOPLE YOU'VE SLEPT WITH SHOULD HE ASK

7

BED HIM!

IN DEFENSE OF THE PORNO BLOWJOB.

Like the Native American wampum, the Blowjob, or the "Beej" has sadly been robbed of its value. The demand for the Beej will always be voracious and enthusiastic. Your supply should therefore NEVER meet demand. Do not withhold to the point of being demoralizing. The ratio of delivered Blowjob to the insufferable suggestive head push should be about 1:2. Or 1:3 if you're dating a moron with a trick elbow.

Of all the arrows in your oral sex quiver, the Porno Blowjob is the most deadly. The crux here is that guys are different from girls. To wit: Guys are very visual and ever appreciative of new material to splice into their mental jerk-off reel. "Porno" means hyperbole. "Visual" means props.

You will need: fake eyelashes, lipgloss, and 6-inch spiked platform stripper heels (clear Lucite soles or black vinyl suggested). We could get into specifics of themed lingerie, but will leave that to your discretion. We will also sidestep discussing technique because cocks are like snowflakes. We will, however, leave you with these words: rhythm variation, prostate, undercarriage, eye contact, and more saliva than you think you'll need. Stringers: they're not just for newspapers anymore.

Might we add here that in referring to the "Porno BJ", we do not speak of the violent, phlegm-dredging, Deep Throat. Vomit-flecked balls, though perfect fodder for a formulaically subversive art installation, is not our goal here. Lastly, remember to remove all tags from underwear and price stickers from shoes. Like a broken plastic children's toy in the background of a third-world porno, missed details can be a bit of a buzz kill.

Okay, here comes the hot sauce. Two words. Money. Shot. Let me be clear. If some guy you're not seriously thinking of being in love with cold floats the notion by you, or *surprises* you with a squiggle of sticky man sizzurp, feel free to slap the shit out of him. Zero tolerance. This, however, is the atom bomb of BJs, to be administered with utmost judiciousness (or twice, if you're maintaining historical accuracy). Always keep in mind that you hold the launch codes and therefore the power. Pretend you're wearing goggles and a swim cap and thug it out. Maintain eye contact. Lick your lips suggestively. When it's done, rejoice as if your face had previously been enduring an epic sperm drought. Like he just put the "man" in "manna." Let him register gleeful shock and watch his pupils dilate as he crops, converts, and uploads the images. Congratulations, you have been inducted into his personal hall of fame. Note: If your selected guy is an actual pornstar this doesn't work. Also, the efficacy of the PBJ has an inverse relationship to your perceived sluttiness. Your conduct elsewhere must always be ladylike.

How Crazy are you?

Hotness Scale

KEEP HIM!

Being in a relationship requires attentive hard work. You better be at least a little in love with dude if you're going to put in the hours. By now, there will be one heinously repetitive argument that either of you lob at the other when they're least suspecting it. And remember, if you've spent four days arguing about the kitchen scrubber sponge, it's probably not about the kitchen scrubber sponge. Additionally, there will be moments in your young life as a significant other, especially as a woman, wherein arranging carrot sticks on a plate to hand to your videogame-playing boyfriend, you feel like a single parent. Just take a moment, breathe, and remember how shitty it was in the dating world. It could be worse. It's f*cking cocaine-fueled carnage out there.

COOL GIRLFRIEND MYTH DISPELLED:

Like a straight man who can do European couture size conversions, the "Cool Girlfriend" does not exist. It is a grave misstep to think that stifling your nagging, watching *Battlestar Galactica*, cultivating an appreciation of scotch, or making Mac and Cheese with artisanal Gruyère will make you cool to your beau's immediate social circle. To the dude's friends, girlfriends come in two flavors. Crazy and Unreasonable, and both are too goddamned time consuming. Yes, it's a bitter pill and no, it has scant bearing to what you're actually like. For the love of God, don't kill yourself trying to clear a bar that can't be met. Your success in Yoko-ing his ass (yeah, we said it) has more to do with sequestering him than being liked by his buddies. Manage expectations, be yourself, and never forget that these are the same knuckleheads that would cosign a relationship with a gak-addled MILF with Munchausen's if she was retardedly hot.

BEWARE THE FRENCH MANICURE:

You know those painted plywood things at amusements parks where you put your face through the cutout and take a picture? Men notice nails because fingers, like lips, are just like those plywood things. Scenery. But for their dicks. Dark nails look ominous. Light nails are gamine and therefore forbidden. The French Manicure, like many things, reminds them of porn. While I know that most of us are not in any immediate danger of willingly getting a French Manicure, you need to know the sizable and strangely time-specific hazard therein:

If you're just some girl, a French Manicure guarantees you'll be written off as a slut. If you're wifey and you get one, dudes get amped and grateful. Either way, if you have small hands they tend to get excitable. It makes every side their good side and it's way less work than shaving their pubes. As a girlfriend, French Manicured gherkin jerks are tremendously good for morale. Random acts of kindness score way more points than consistency. Keep 'em on their toes, follow these rules, and you will triumph. Happy hunting. ★

HEARTBREAKER

THE UNFORGETTABLE JENNY SHIMIZU

40-year-old Jenny Shimizu is most famous for her sensationalized affairs with Angelina Jolie and Madonna, but *Missbehave*'s loved her from first awkward glance. The Japanese tattooed beauty was a garage mechanic in Los Angeles when she was discovered, and has since modeled for Calvin Klein's iconic CK One ads, Pirelli calendars, starred in Madonna's "Rain" video, and conquered the catwalk. As if that wasn't sufficiently rad, Shimizu has a tattoo of a woman straddling a "Strap-On" brand wrench and there's little we love more than double entendres. *Missbehave* wanted the real scoop on the down-to-earth actress,so we caught up with her to chinwag about strict parents, exorcising Brangelina, and how much we miss '90s supermodels.

I think the last time you were in the spotlight, it was in reference to your personal life—namely your relationship with Angelina Jolie. You must be so tired of the whole Angelina Jolie/Madonna thing.
Yeah. It's been over a decade. I mean, it just seems to me that there are so many different things that are happening, but that's what makes money. Those magazines need to reprint it, but it's shocking to me that people continue to have an interest in it.

Just how deeply do they involve you in the Angelina drama?
The [tabloids] show up on my doorstep, they show up on my family's doorstep. I always know when something's going on with Brad and Angelina, 'cause I get a business card at my door, or else someone's knocking on it from the *National Enquirer*.

What are you currently working on?
I've gotten more involved in acting. I just got a role on a gay miniseries called *Dante's Cove* on the here! television network. The series is in its third season and soon begins filming in Oahu for five weeks.

How's it going?
I have to admit I was a little nervous at first, because I've never been on a series. But it's a soap opera, so while I'm jumping back into acting, I really get to *act* because it's not really me at all. It's nice, because most of the time I play me or someone just like me.

I imagine a schedule like that takes a toll on your personal life.
My girlfriend is a musician, a singer/songwriter. I'm leaving for Hawaii in a week and she's busy starting to record, so our schedules are conflicting right now. I'm very grateful that both of us get to be in creative fields and we try to see each other. There's little things like, Oh I'll bring you a sandwich when I get time off in the middle of the day, kind of things.

When you Google you, "lesbian" often comes up with it. On the subject of work, how do you feel about the fact that your sexual orientation has become synonymous with it?
You know, that's the big joke with my friends and I. All of my friends have jobs and careers and everyone's like, I don't know what you do except that...you're a professional gay. It wasn't as if a PR company said, You should be Jenny the Lesbian! Things just worked out that way. There hasn't been negative connotation; in fact, if anything, it has only helped me with the ladies.

Do you have a very traditional family? Do they have any issues with your sexuality or your work?
They're Japanese, older, and conservative. It's not as if they're sitting there watching *E!* on television. They don't know what's going on really. As long as I'm okay, they're okay. They're like, Jenny's just doing what she's doing.

Is getting tattoos what you've been doing? If so, which is your latest?
Oh wow, God... The latest one I'd gotten is kind of a sad one, so I'm not sure if I should really talk about it. It was brought on by a certain event...a certain family member...

Do you find yourself getting a tattoo when personal things in your life occur?
I'm not sure. Yeah, I wonder. When the urge comes on, I just don't know how to suppress it. I always know exactly what I want so I'm not sure what it is prompted by. Maybe events or some weird chemical imbalance for which getting a tattoo is the only way to take care of it.

Let's talk models. You modeled in the 1990s, a high-profile time for the industry. How do you feel about the state of models today?
You know, the whole time during the '90s, modeling wasn't really what I wanted to do. I was doing it because I was Japanese, I was gay, I had tattoos, I did it for all those reasons because that wasn't considered beautiful. I did it for those reasons, yet I always felt like I was selling out in a weird way. And finally, just last week I was like, You know what? This is just a job and it's all right to feel like you can be beautiful without being like, you know...

A sellout.
Yeah, a sellout, or making it negative. You know?

Definitely. So would you get along with this present generation of models?
I don't know if I'd get along with models these days, I don't even know who's really doing it. I mean, the girls I worked with back then, they had so much personality and they were crazy, but they were smart.

And you feel like that might be missing now?
Yeah, you know, I think it's...I don't know what it is. It's just that there's not even that bit of sparkle or mystery. That's why so many actresses are doing all the covers of magazines, I think.

Some of them are total automatons and you don't hear much out of them. You don't hear them speak a word.
Yeah, I don't... I don't know what happened. It was all fun and games, and then all of a sudden it all got boring or something.

That sucks; what do you think changed?
I think all of us just got sober.

Well, most of you.
Yeah, my days [now] consist of working, going to the gym, and making sure I drink vegetable juice. ★

WORDS: **MAUREEN DEMPSEY** PHOTOS: **EMILY SHUR**

CAPE BY **VILSBØL DE ARCE**
CARDIGAN BY **WOOD WOOD**
SKIRT BY **STINE GOYA**

Let's DansK!

Danes Delivering Deliriously Delectable Designs

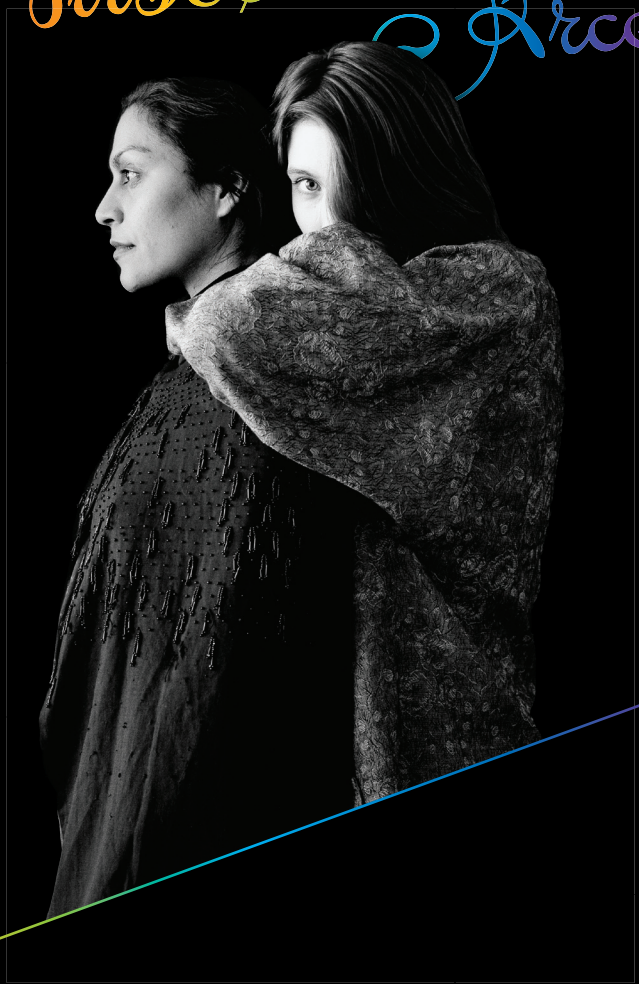
You know how you hate having to ask a total stranger where they got that dress or that bag or those shoes? And how the really vile ones respond with, "overseas," "New Zealand," or some other knowingly unhelpful answer? Well, we here at *Missbehave* love our readers as much as we love fashion, so we've compiled for you the best of the new breed—the Danes. You'll inspire the envy of others, so be nice and actually tell 'em where you copped it. Paying it forward is the *Missbehave* way. Kinda like how slap boxing a bitch with a smart mouth is the *Missbehave* way.

WORDS: **KATIE HINTZ**
PHOTOS: **SACHA MARIC**

SKIRT AND TANK BY **STINE GOYA**
KNIT TOP BY **VILSBØL DE ARCE**

JACKET BY **HENRIK VIBSKOV**
SCARF BY **STINE GOYA**

Vilsbøl de Arce



Creative Forces: Prisca Vilsbøl and Pia Perez de Arce Est. 2002 **Why We Heart Vilsbøl de Arce:** The former design school buddies/roomies create a sculptural, all black collection that looks to "geometry in nature" for inspiration. Björk's stylist is a fan of their draped wonders, and the duo hopes to clothe the Icelandic icon in the near future. If you're not sold yet, check out their online lookbook featuring heat-toting ladies in neon makeup and Thor helmets! **Sell Your First Born For:** A structured black jumpsuit with plunging v-neck and angular cap sleeves. **Represent! Represent!** "Our surroundings are inspiring because they back you up in almost any wild idea you have," says Prisca. "Young urban Danes are curious, hungry for novelty, and already extremely fashion conscious in their early teens. This definitely helps motivate us." **Karl Lagerfeld: Genius or Douchebag?:** "He's a legend. He got this far with his skin on, and he looks like he's got many years more to give the industry. He's very consistent in what he does. For all that: Respect." **Where to Cop:** They sell in Copenhagen, Paris, Berlin, and Warsaw. Visit vilsboldearce.com

Designer: Henrik Vibskov Est. 2001 **Why We Heart Henrik Vibskov:** A Central Saint Martins grad, the quadruple-threat designer (fashion/music/visual arts/breakdancing) dresses rockers like The Arctic Monkeys, Franz Ferdinand, and Chicks on Speed in both men's and womenswear. His spring/summer '07 ladies line ("The Big Wet Shiny Boobies Collection") features a mix of sexy and dowdy with swimsuits, paisley jumpers and above-the-knee shirt dresses in an all-over-the-place palette. **Sell Your First Born For:** A Grecian-like loose, silk mini-dress in navy and black or plum. **Represent! Represent!** "It's very special to live in Copenhagen, the city is so cozy and the quality of life is very, very good. It's easy to keep your head free. There's the open sea, and I have a boat with some friends in the harbor. I grew up in the countryside with green grass around and that was very good. No fashion." **Karl Lagerfeld: Genius or Douchebag?:** "I think he is living on another planet than me." **Where to Cop:** Aloharag, Honolulu, aloharag.com, Pineal Eye, London, Henrik Vibskov shop, Copenhagen. Visit henrikvibskov.com

Henrik Vibskov

Wood Wood

Creative Forces: Karl-Oskar Olsen, Brian Jensen, Gaia Rasmussen Est. 2002 **Why We Heart Wood Wood:** What started out as a small T-shirt label has morphed into a men's and women's collection that's a cross-breed between streetwear and high fashion. Think polka-dot hoodies and simple men's sportswear pieces in shades of blue, yellow, and khaki with jumpsuits, trenches, and sexy dresses thrown in for the dames. Wood Wood boasts collabos with Adidas, Nike, and Maharishi and counts Liam Gallagher as a fan. **Sell Your First Born For:** Their oversized, color-block knit dress in yellow, brown, black, blue, and purple. **Represent! Represent!** "Compared to architecture and furniture design, Denmark doesn't have a long tradition of making clothes, so we aren't tied by any rules when we create our collections," says Karl-Oskar. "But we're not focusing just on Denmark. Beautiful contrasts and different cultures are just around the corner in Europe." **Karl Lagerfeld: Genius or Douchebag?:** "He's a really nice man, actually. I've never met him, but I heard he is sweet." **Where to Cop:** I Heart, New York, Wood Wood flagships in Copenhagen and Berlin with 60+ carriers worldwide. Visit woodwood.dk or email malin@agenturv.de to find the closest to you.

Stine Goya

Designer: Stine Goya Est. 2006 **Why We Heart Stine Goya:** Another Central Saint Martins grad trained under Jonathan Saunders and Hussein Chalayan before launching her eponymous label boasting crazy graphic prints and an unorthodox palette of dusty brown and lilac alongside shocking yellow, pink, and cobalt blue. When spinning out her color-block cardigans, lady-like dresses, T-shirts, and tailored trousers and jackets, Stine looks to the unlikely mix of New York jazz artists and '70s ceramics for inspiration. **Sell Your First Born For:** An explosive allover-print dress. **Represent! Represent!** "I think Danish designers are pulling a lot of international interest because we stand strong together as Scandinavian style. We are all friends and hang out together, which is very nice." **Karl Lagerfeld: Genius or Douchebag?:** "I like Karl. I used to model at his Chanel shows and found him very inspiring." **Where to Cop:** Visit Stinegoya.com, Youheshe.com, No. 6 Center Market Place, New York (no6store.com)

JACKET & SHOES BY **STINE GOYA**
LEGGINGS BY **WOOD WOOD**
DRESS BY **HENRIK VIBSKOV**

STYLIST: **MELANIE BUCHHAVE @ BLINK**
HAIR & MAKEUP: **TRINE SKJOETH @ BLINK**
USING MAC MODEL: **ELISE @ UNIQUE**

HAIR: ALEX DIZON MAKEUP: BRUCE WAYNE

STYLING BY **KRISANA PALMA**

HOODIE BY **CLAW MONEY**

HIGH RESOLUTION

A quick glance at Mena Suvari shows a picture-perfect actress. A studied look yields much more. True, she's bananas attractive, yup, she's happy in love, and yes, she's doing just great with a litany of movies dropping all summer and fall...but her eyes reveal the disappointment of a failed marriage, nagging insecurities, and the shrewd mind behind the deft decision to shatter her pretty-girl image.

WORDS: **LAURA CHECKOWAY** PHOTOS: **PHIL KNOTT**

Since Mena Suvari was a child, she's loved taking photos with her 1960s Polaroid square-shooter camera. Were you to look at the snapshots throughout the 28 years of Suvari's life, they would begin with her as a little girl in Newport, Rhode Island. She lived there until age nine, when her family moved briefly to the Virgin Islands and then to Charleston, South Carolina. A photograph at 12 would show Suvari breaking into modeling, and another at 14 would portray her father, a retired psychiatrist, and mother, a nurse, uprooting their lives and moving the family to Los Angeles, California. The change of scenery was prompted by young Mena's budding interest in acting. Suvari's first commercial would soon follow, a spot for San Francisco treat Rice-a-Roni. It was at that moment the young actress first felt the hefty weight on her slight shoulders to succeed in Hollywood.

Mena Suvari is tinier than you'd expect. She has a dainty pout and a perfectly delicate nose; they are exquisite, if a little subdued. It is the fineness of these features that make her eyes that much more startling. They are f*cking enormous. It's no surprise that they play beautifully in photographs, but on celluloid they truly shine. Suvari, pretty and articulate, was cast and well-received in her supporting roles in *Snide and Prejudice* (1997), *Kiss the Girls* (1997), and *Slums of Beverly Hills* (1998), and then came *American Beauty*.

The Sam Mendes-directed film captured the quiet desperation of suburban life and won the 1999 Academy Award for best picture. The movie boasted nuanced and powerful performances from titans Annette Bening and Kevin Spacey but it was the image of 20-year-old Suvari's languidly roiling flesh atop fluttering rose petals that stopped viewers short. In Spacey's lonely fantasy, the frame tightens to her beckoning eyes—marvelous, wantonly calculating eyes that contradict the youth of her cherubic face. In that moment, Spacey was not alone—Suvari's expression became indelibly scorched in every man's psyche. For Mena, it was a career-making moment.

The next in the series of photographs would show Suvari joining young, likable ensemble casts for *American Pie* (1999), *American Virgin* (2000), *Loser* (2000), and *Sugar & Spice* (2001), and then, in 2002, the actress' character choices took a turn. That year, she starred in two independent features: Nicolas Cage's directorial debut *Sonny*, in which she played a prostitute alongside James Franco and *Spun*, as a black-toothed crystal meth addict opposite John Leguizamo. The role would mostly be remembered for the scene of her angelic face scrunching in the heroic effort of extruding a massively constipated shit. Such imagery fielded more than a few questions from the sidelines—why would such a pretty girl select such dark roles?

Suvari, to her credit, continues to expand her resume with roles as a lesbian performance artist in the HBO series *Six Feet Under* (2004), and *Beauty Shop* (2005). This year, she's busier than ever, and not able to take as many photographs as she'd like. *Factory Girl* has just been released, and Suvari has roles in the mob flick *Brooklyn Rules*, the horror flick *Stuck*, zombie thriller *Day of the Dead*, and a romance, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh*. She's also debuting a line of signature scarves with the home design and accessories line Echo, available later this year exclusively at Barneys New York.

Were you to take a Polaroid of Mena today, sauntering into the SoHo Grand Hotel on this windy late afternoon in Manhattan, you would catch her tiny physique light up the hotel lounge. She's wearing a L.A.M.B. hoodie and vest and hi-top Nikes, and those blue, anime eyes would engulf much of the photo's frame. Sitting down for tea-for-two with *Missbehave*, she suggests the hot chocolate, herself opting for hibiscus tea, which is deemed too bitter and sent back. Suvari skips the small talk and dives deep into a conversation about career choices, divorce, her boyfriend, and how in her late twenties, she is finally learning to live for the moment.

Holy sh*t, your Dunks are so fresh.
It's funny. To be honest, before I met my boyfriend I didn't own any kicks and he was like, Why? Since then I've been influenced. Right now I'm all about limited editions and I think I'm all cool [*Laughs*].

Tell me about your boyfriend.
His name is Mike Carrasco, but he goes by "Murda". He's in a b-boy crew from Las Vegas called Knucklehead Zoo and he's three and a half years younger than me. We've been together for about two years. I met him at an event called Battle of the Year.

Oh right, that's a world famous battle for breakers, like the b-boy championships.
You know, I didn't know anything about the scene. To be honest, I saw him and just thought he was super hot [*Laughs*]. I didn't even know what a battle was. [Meanwhile] he's been breaking for, like almost 9 years. He's such an athlete. Pretty much I just walked up to him and was like, What's your name?

Wow, you're bold.
I know! All my friends were like, Whoa you're forward! But you know, I wasn't bullshitting. It was something powerful. I saw him and knew I had to meet him. I giggled the whole time like an idiot, and we've been together ever since.

And he's good to you?
He's beautiful. The night we met we texted all night and have every

THIS PAGE: CORSET BY **JILL STUART**, SHORTS BY **Y-3**, STAR JEWELRY BY **DELPHINE-CHARLOTTE PARMENTIER**, SILVER CUFF BY **JEWELMAK.**
FACING PAGE: TOP BY **COSABELLA**, SHORTS BY **Y-3**, BELT BY **BARBARA BUI**

TOP BY **CHARLES CHANG-LIMA**,
SHORTS BY **ODYN**, BRACELETS BY **THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY**,
NECKLACES ARE MENA'S OWN

day after that. Every day he texts me, Good morning. I want to hear these little things. Girls just want to be considered. Guys don't get it, but we like that.

Would you consider yourself difficult to be with?
I'm not "difficult" [*laughs*], but he *is* unbelievably tolerant and patient with me. I mean, he's learned over time that [I can be] all over the place and he makes fun of me. He calls me in those moments like, You're just flying around. He grounds me and that's what's so beautiful about a relationship when you're in it. He has sisters which helps him gets the whole "female" thing. He'll be like, You're not *crazy*, you're emotional. Aren't we all? [*Laughs*]

You got married at 21, and your ex-husband, Robert Brinkmann, was 39 at the time. In retrospect, how do you feel about your marriage and it not working out?
I never thought I'd get married at 21. It just happened, that was my path. Life is just a series of events and I would go through all of them over again to meet Mike. I met him because of that, because I was that person. I'm a completely different person now, but I don't regret any of those years.

How is this relationship different as a result of what you've learned from your marriage?
I realized I didn't need anybody to fulfill anything for me. I had to learn how to be on my own. I had never done that before and at the time of the divorce I was 26 years old. I learned that nobody could make me as happy as I could make myself—that there's a difference between needing somebody and wanting them.

Is it different to be with someone who is not a part of the film industry, since your ex was a cinematographer?
[When we met] Mike didn't know anything about what I did. But he admires what I do, just as I admire what he does. Sometimes I can't help but feel like what dancers do is more raw and real. It's sincerely one of the most liberating things you could ever watch.

How has the divorce changed your outlook on life?
Somebody once told me that there's no past and that the future doesn't exist. That life is just a series of consecutive nows. The cheesy quotes really make sense. I mean look, I'm 28, I don't know all the answers but I've been through a lot of shit in my life and it's taken me years and years to learn what I have. When you're a little girl, you "must" play with Barbies or "must" start thinking about marriage when you're five, because that is the ideal. And if you don't get married and you don't have kids, then you're a failure. It's ridiculous. You don't have to please everybody and you don't have to fit the mold or the image. We're all walking around like zombies.

Do you still struggle with that?
Yeah, I still have issues. There are so many times that I felt alone because you get stuck in your ego. You have to realize there are a lot of people who are insecure with that whole "fear of judgment" thing.

So you were restrained by your insecurities.
I felt like I had to be perfect. I thought I wasn't good enough so I held back. I had an acting coach who would tell my mom, "Mena would be so good if she would just let herself go."

And you're letting go these days?
The past couple years I really morphed; I was reborn. I'm not afraid anymore, I'm gonna do things that I wanna do.

Yes, but how were you able to let go?
Okay, I'm in this business to work. I loved acting—it's not because I wanted to be famous. You learn to create a persona and this persona is what you give to people when you go to events. When I go out, that's "Mena Suvari," but it's not *me*. I learned what to give and what not to give. That's a hard thing because a lot of people are trying to take advantage of you.

How is this change reflected in your career choices?
I worked on *Spun* and the whole time people were like, Oh my God you're the girl from *American Beauty*, why would you do this? And when I first started, I was too "pretty" to go in for certain roles. I could never be a "pretty girl" and have an interesting personality. What the hell is that?

So did you make a conscious decision to play unattractive roles?
No, I didn't strategically say, I will do the film to change this image of myself. But in the entertainment business, when they take a new person to try something out and it works, they go, Oh my God it works! Let's do it over and over and over. It's like, Milk it! Milk it! Milk it! And then that person is doing that one thing for all of eternity.

That sounds awful.
I couldn't mentally or emotionally do that. I couldn't just play the same role. I get bored, I get restless, I have to change all the time. Change is just too exciting for me. I feel alive when I do that.

Have you ever made lasting friendships with any costars?
You know it's funny. I just worked on a film and one of my costars asked me to exchange contact information and he was like, So are we gonna be friends or is it gonna be like one of those things...? There

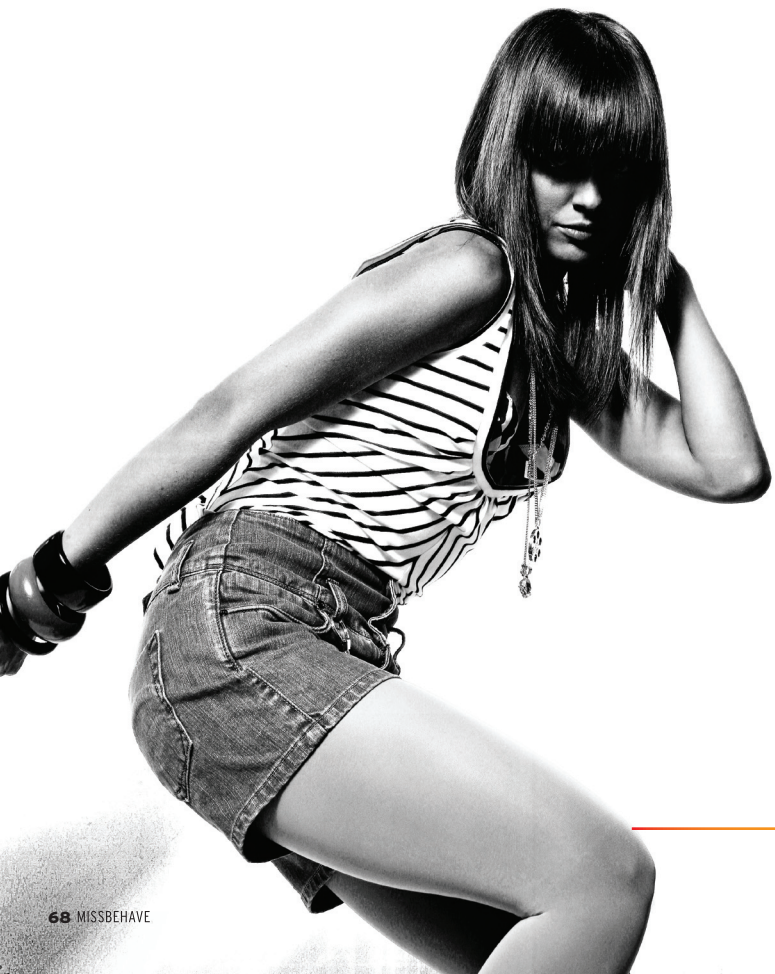
are so many people that you work with where you're like, Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'll call ya... and nobody ever follows through. Making a movie is an experience and it's all about people you connect with. I don't force it. I tend to make a lot of friends who aren't actors. One of my best friends was a PA on a movie and I have a friend who was an extra on *American Beauty* and another was the costume designer on *Sonny*.

In Stuart Gordon's new psychological suspense film *Stuck* you play a woman who hits and kills a homeless man while driving home drunk. I can't believe it's based on a true story, but I remember reading about it when it happened.
Her name was Chante Mallard from Fort Worth, Texas. She was intoxicated and she hit this homeless man Gregory Glenn Biggs—he got lodged in her windshield. She freaked out, she didn't know what to do. She drove home and he bled to death over a period of like two days in her garage.

Did you meet Chante?
No, I didn't. She's in prison in Fort Worth. She got like 50 years.

One really, really bad decision can change your whole life.
My jaw hit the ground so many times when I was reading a script—I just loved it. And I'd worked with Stuart Gordon before, so I went after this like a madwoman because I really, really wanted to do it. I love pieces that dissect humanity.

How did you prepare for the role?
It was much more intense than anything else I've ever done. I mean, it's based on a true story, so how do you get inside this person's head? How do you wrap yourself around that? Besides, I love the irony. She's a nurse's aid working in an elderly care facility wearing scrubs and she's got this guy who's bleeding to death in her garage.



You also have Steve Miner's zombie movie *Day of the Dead* coming up. Was it fun making a horror flick?
Crazy fun. We worked in Bulgaria for 16 weeks. I did all my own stunts. I had to build up trust and the confidence from my director because he was really worried. I'd be standing next to him by the monitor watching the stunt girl and then turn to him and go, I can do that.

You must have felt like a superhero or something.
At one point I had four pistols—two in my belt, one in my back, one on my leg—and an Uzi and a shotgun, and I'm running with all of that stuff in fatigues. We had a blast. We would compare our bruises on set, like, Hey, who won today?

That sounds rad. You're also getting into the fashion industry. Tell us about your collaboration with Echo.
Ah yes, the scarves. It's funny when I tell anybody they go, Oh Ecko, that's awesome. And then I have to go not that one, it's E-C-H-O. I'm severely into fashion as much as I love photography. I'm designing a set of three scarves and they're silk-screening photos that I've taken onto the scarves. I'm so proud.

What other things are you particularly obsessed with right now?
I just got a new shelf in my house for my Kid Robot toys. I just slowly started to get more and more obsessed with them. I have friends at [the company] and certain ones I really respond to. I was in the Mayan Riviera over New Year's and I love their new Azteca collection. I went and bought them all.

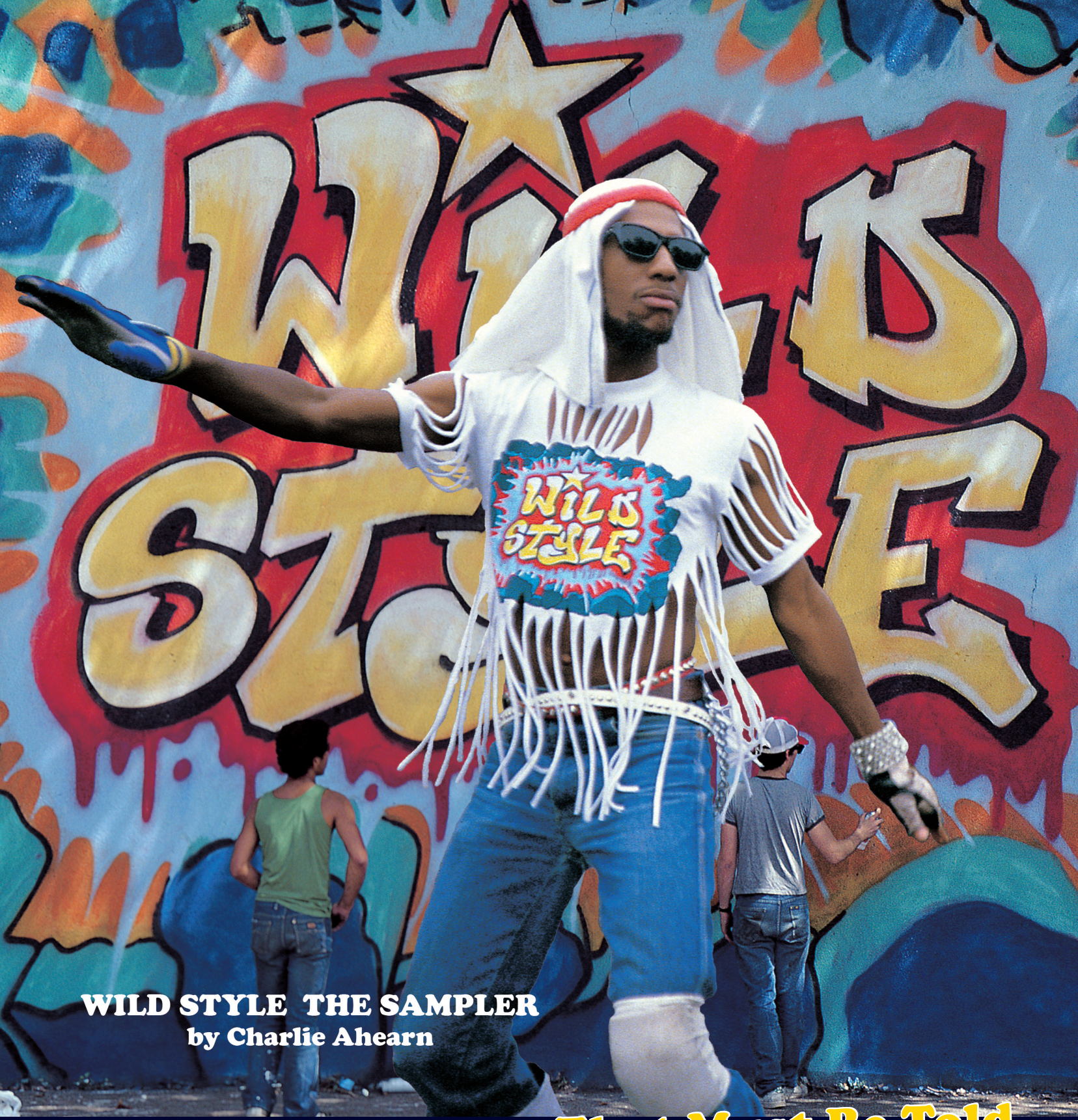
What kind of music do you listen to?
I've always been really into reggae my whole life.

Really? Who are your favorite artists?
Dylan Judah and his partner Sugar Black have a group called Black Judah and they're amazing and about to release their second album. I'm very good friends with Sean Paul and I'm big into Eek-A-Mouse, obviously Bob Marley and Peter Tosh.

Nice. So you love music and your boyfriend is a dancer, does he teach you any moves?
Yeah, right. First of all, I am a retard at coordination. I'm the person who takes the aerobics class and can't get through it. I really want to learn. and I want him to teach me how to dance in general. I'm so jealous of him and I'm always like, God I really wish I could do that.

We're seeing both of you in the tabloids lately. Are you ever tempted to read about yourself?
There was something in *US Weekly* "Mena topless in Miami." I don't give a shit, I have nothing to hide, I love myself and, yes, my breasts are not symmetrical! [*Laughs*]. I take pride in the fact that I'm natural. You know, be the change that you want to see in the world. [*Laughs*].

The celebutante frenzy has created such a backlash from Hollywood to where serious actors no longer want to be in magazines at all...
It's crazy. [On one hand] It's like, the press is the press. But wherever you are, in an airport or anywhere, it's like everybody's reading one of these rags. They're just so interested in these people. Privacy boundaries have been crossed, but people are literally fanatical about living vicariously through these people. Why aren't you more interested in yourself? There is so much more out there. ★



WILD STYLE THE SAMPLER
by Charlie Ahearn

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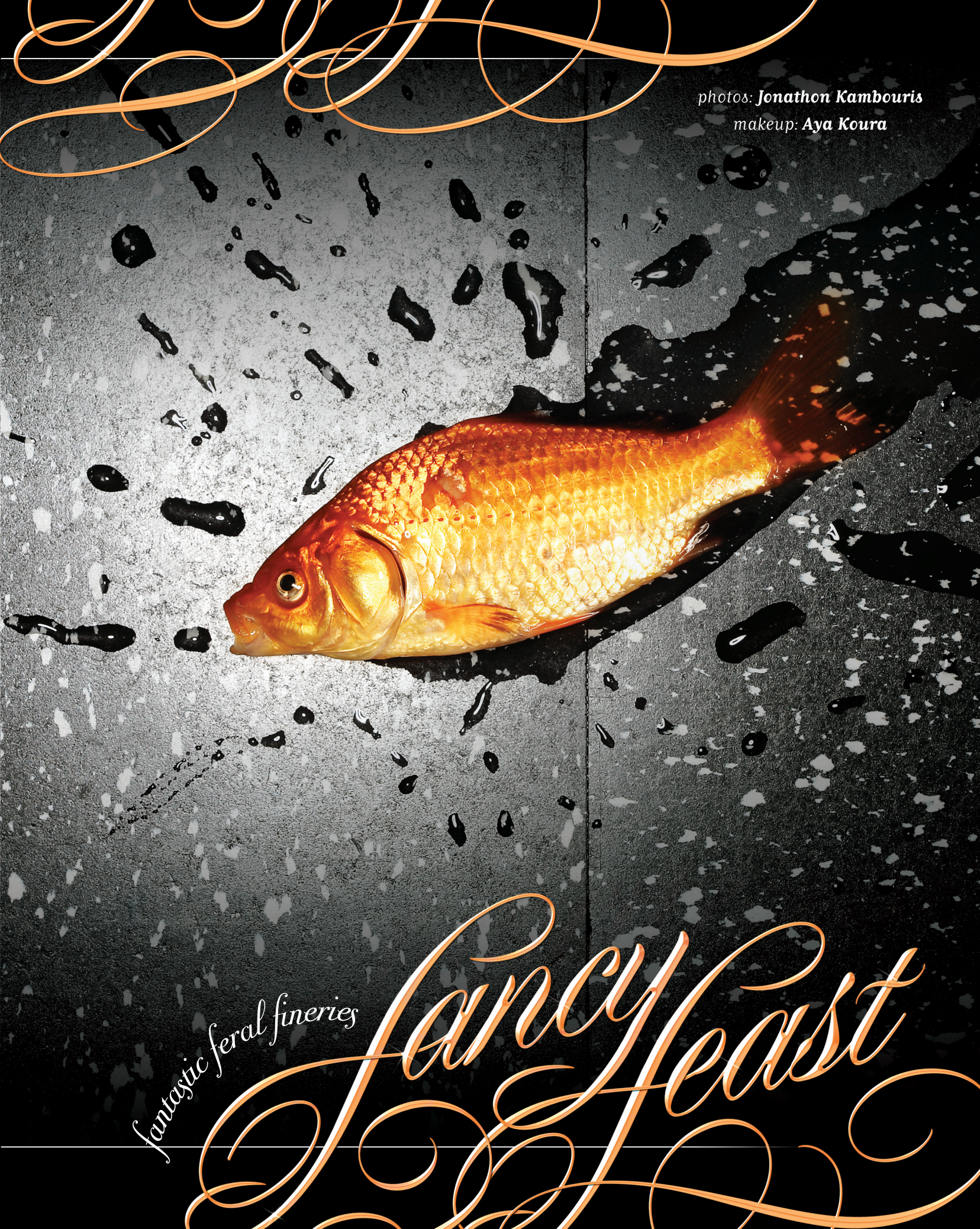
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Fancy Feast

GUCHI MUCHI PUCHI AND POUF DADDY POLISH BY **ESSIE**, NAILS BY SUMA TANIGUCHI FOR TOI (JAPAN)

HAIR: REBECCA NAFTZGER FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE MODEL: JO TAKLA @ ELITE GRAPHICS: CA$HMERE

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stampede

ANIMALS STRIKE CURIOUS POSES

BATHING SUIT BY **ALEXANDRE HERCHCOVITCH**
SCARF NECKLACE BY **DEAR,** EARRINGS & BRACELET BY
WENDY NICHOL, TIGHTS FROM THE **SOCK MAN**

photos: **Brooke Nipar** art: **Sally Thurer**

THIS PAGE: BATHING SUIT BY **JEREMY SCOTT**
SHORTS BY **ABAETÉ,** JEWELRY FROM **GIRL PROPS**
OPPOSITE PAGE: BATHING SUIT BY **MARA HOFFMAN,** TIGHTS FROM **THE SOCK MAN,** SHOES BY **BETSEY JOHNSON,** VINTAGE NECKLACE FROM **MARMALADE,** BANGLES BY **WENDY NICHOL**

BATHING SUIT BY **ABAETÉ,** NEON BELT BY **KAREN WALKER,** "NEW YORKER" NECKLACE BY **BIJULES NYC,** GOLD CHAINS BY **DIRTY LIBRARIAN,** BLACK BELT IS STYLIST'S OWN

hair: **STACI CHILD** FOR REDKEN/KRAMER&KRAMER
makeup: **MUNEMI** @ SEE MANAGEMENT, model: **ALLIE** @ NEXT

TURQUOISE TOP BY **RVCA,** SUSPENDER SHORTS BY **WESC,** PEANUT NECKLACE FROM **PATRICIA FIELD,** SUNGLASSES BY **STÜSSY** BLACK SANDALS BY **OH...DEER! SHOES**

Nymphet in Repose

AROUND THE WAY GIRL

PHOTOS: **JAKOB AXELMAN** STYLE: **ALLISON MILLER**

STRIPED DRESS BY **HOT TUNA,** LEATHER JACKET BY **WHAT COMES AROUND GOES AROUND**

FLOWER TANK BY **A FINE MESS VINTAGE,** GOLD ROPE CHAIN FROM **PATRICIA FIELD,** BELLBOTTOMS BY **DITTOS,** CHEETAH SANDALS BY **OH...DEER!**

ORANGE STRIPED TOP BY **LUXIRIE,** SHORT SHORTS BY **LUCY LOVE,** DOLPHIN EARRINGS FROM **BEDAZZLED**

FLUORESCENT ELEPHANT TOP BY **MARIA BONITA EXTRA,** YELLOW JEANS BY **DITTOS,** CHEETAH SANDALS BY **OH...DEER! SHOES**

POLKA DOT DRESS BY **INSIGHT**, RAINBOW TOP BY **MARIA BONITA EXTRA**, STUDDED SUNGLASSES BY **BETSEY JOHNSON**

makeup: **KRISTI MATAMOROS** USING GIVENCHY
hair: **EMILY HESER** FOR CUTLER, model: **MARGARET@** MARILYN

TECHNICAL ECSTASY

THE VISUAL ELOQUENCE OF HIPGNOSIS

GOLD DRESS & SILVER LEGGINGS BY **LOLA FATUROTI** BLACK SHOES BY **PIERRE HARDY**, GOLD EARRINGS BY **BING BANG**, ANIMAL RINGS BY **GERARD TULLY**, NECKLACE BY **ERICKSON BEAMON**

DRESS BY **NUMBER SIX**
JACKET BY **TONYC BY TONY COHEN,** PANTS BY **LUELLA BARTLEY,** SHOES BY **PIERRE HARDY,** BROOCH IS STYLIST'S OWN

PHOTOS & ART: **ANGELA BOATWRIGHT**
STYLE: **LARA BACKMENDER**

PINK HEART DRESS BY **BEN CHO**
BRA BY **DEBORAH MARQUIT**
BRACELET BY **ERICKSON BEAMON**
HEAD BAND IS MODEL'S OWN

BLOUSE BY **NUMBER 6 STORE**
OVERALLS BY **SONIA RYKIEL FOR I HEART**
HEART NECKLACE BY **KAREN WALKER**
RING BY **GERARD TULLY**

DRESS AND SHOES BY **RACHEL COMEY**

YELLOW DRESS BY **CHRISTIAN LACROIX**
BRACELET BY **ERICKSON BEAMON**
GOLD SNAKE BRACELET BY **GARA DANIELLE**
PEACH PUMPS BY **SONIA RYKIEL**

BLACK JUMPSUIT BY **LOVER**
TIGER DRESS BY **MARA HOFFMAN**
SUNGLASSES BY **BLESS**
SHOES BY **PIERRE HARDY**

HOODIE BY **VPL**
TANK BY **KIKI DE MONTPARNASSE**
LEGGINGS BY **JEREMY SCOTT**
MAKEUP: **BLAIR JAFFER** @ UNREPRESENTED
HAIR: **REBECCA GARCIA,** MODEL: **DESIREE RAZO**

KUSH

191 Chrystie St. New York, NY 10002

This issue's installment reveals the secret exchanges going down behind the ladies room door of Kush Lounge. Located in New York's most famous borough, Kush pulls a distinctly more intriguing crowd than the pretty, vacant cokeheads descending like locusts on downtown clubs. Maybe it's Kush's Casablanca interior, the curvilicious late-night belly dancers, or just something a little extra in those hookahs, but there's something about the place that makes the across-the-room, kohl-lined glances of the club's female clientele that much harder to look away from.

Denise Rosado

How old are you? I'm here celebrating my 30th birthday. **Where are you from?** Brooklyn **What do you do for a living?** I'm in broadcasting. **What are you wearing?** The dress is from Joyce Leslie. **Who's your favorite designer?** Ralph Lauren **What type of lipstick/lipgloss are you wearing?** L'Oréal **What is the strangest thing in your purse right now?** My bra! **Who made your purse?** I bought it from a street vendor. **Any cute boys in the club right now?** The one I'm dating. **What song are you most in the mood to hear right now?** Avril Lavigne's "Girlfriend" (Ed note: Ew) **Do your feet hurt?** They feel fantastic! **What's your sign?** Aquarius

Lesley Cordova

How old are you? 30 **Where are you from?** Texas **What do you do for a living?** I'm a fashion designer **What are you wearing?** The dress is vintage from a store on Melrose in Los Angeles. The shoes put me in the poorhouse—they're Prada. **Who's your favorite designer?** Dries Van Noten **What type of lipstick/lipgloss are you wearing?** Nars **What is the strangest thing in your purse right now?** The lack of a cell phone! **Who made your purse?** I bought it in Texas and had it restored in India. **Any cute boys in the club right now?** My roommate, but he's gay. **What song are you most in the mood to hear right now?** "One Big Holiday" by My Morning Jacket.**Do your feet hurt?** They don't, and that's the good thing about spending a lot of money for Prada. **What's your sign?** Libra

Karen Dindayal

How old are you? 21 **Where are you from?** Guyana **What do you do for a living?** I'm a student at Baruch and a part-time accountant. **What are you wearing?** The shirt is bebe, the jacket is from Forever 21, and the pants are from Banana Republic. The shoes are Steve Madden. **Who's your favorite designer?** Valentino **What type of lipstick/lipgloss are you wearing?** MAC **What is the strangest thing in your purse right now?** A bunch of documents **Who made your purse?** Coach **Any cute boys in the club right now?** Definitely **What song are you most in the mood to hear right now?** "Beautiful Liar" by Beyoncé. **Do your feet hurt?** No **What's your sign?** Virgo

Leila Atiyeh

How old are you? 27 **Where are you from?** Jordan **What do you do for a living?** I'm a consultant. **What are you wearing?** The jacket and jeans are from Target, the T-shirt is from Zara, and the shoes are by Zigi NY. **Who's your favorite designer?** Vera Wang **What type of lipstick/lipgloss are you wearing?** I'm just wearing ChapStick. **What is the strangest thing in your purse right now?** Pepto-Bismol **Who made your purse?** It's from DSW. **Any cute boys in the club right now?** Eh, so-so. **What song are you most in the mood to hear right now?** Some house music, maybe "Fade" by Solu. **Do your feet hurt?** No, I'm wearing flats. **What's your sign?** Libra

Mary Luisi

How old are you? 37 **Where are you from?** Brooklyn **What do you do for a living?** Financial services **What are you wearing?** The dress is by Velvet and the shoes are Marc Jacobs. **Who's your favorite designer?** Valentino **What type of lipstick/lipgloss are you wearing?** Chanel **What is the strangest thing in your purse right now?** I checked it, along with a garbage bag full of birthday gifts I got tonight. **Who made your purse?** Akademiks **Any cute boys in the club right now?** Yes, but I think I brought most of them! **What song are you most in the mood to hear right now?** "White Lines" by Grandmaster Flash. **Do your feet hurt?** They're getting there, but these shoes are super-comfy. **What's your sign?** Pisces

WORDS: Lois Sakany PHOTOS: Emily Rawlings

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ROCKET DOG GRRRRL ARMY

Hot dawg! Not only are Rocket Dog shoes suuuper comfy, but their ads are way rad and feature artists like Echo Chernik who does beautiful art nouveau illustrations. Check out her other gems on echo-x.com—'cause you know you love retro naked chicks with strategically covered nipples, like we love retro naked chicks with strategically covered nipples (actually we just really like saying "nipples"). Peep the Rocket Dog Web site for all the new styles. We're especially feeling their "Anti-Athletic" section and the fact that they have a ton of "cow friendly" shoes. That kinda describes *Missbehave*—if by "cow friendly" they mean we love ourselves some tasty burgers. rocketdog.com

SUGAR HOOKER GIVEAWAY

What's better than a bag full of free gear? Uh, nothing! Wait! Getting a free freakin' guitar is pretty high up there. Think about it, you'll start that 50 Cent cover band you always wanted to. Call it the Shortays, it'll be great. Sugar Hooker is giving away a SHE custom electric guitar. Black body, headstock w/ signature Sugar Hooker Entertainment (SHE) skull and diamond print. The two runners up will receive back pack full o' goodies including CDs, T-shirts, hoodie, belt, and more. Winners will be selected at random. Enter to win at missbehavemag.com/sugarhooker. No purchase necessary!

BOOTLEG MONOGRAM

You know how everyone remembers what they were doing when a monumentally important event happened? Like, when the Diplomats broke up and it felt like the world stood still? Every girl has a similarly vivid anecdote about their first designer handbag—turns you out faster than a hot mogul with a fistful of diamonds. Flagging self-esteem? Blow rent on a purse. The envy of friends bolsters your life force quicker than decapitating a Highlander. It feels f*cking spectacular.

Such heights are intoxicating. And nothing puts the conspicuous in conspicuous consumption like the addition of a monogram. A sleek, repeated motif that smacks of prestige and inaccessibility. Houses with storied histories of grandeur and intrigue—Gucci, Fendi, Louis Vuitton. Established around the turn of the century, they suffered incestuous European drama and trooped World Wars. These guys *earned* the right to create a monogram. If anyone wants to follow suit, you better have the gold to back up that standard.

Monograms without clout give us ulcers. Every time a streetwear brand or a denim company decides to stumble into the accessories market by vomiting up some arbitrary letter on a pencil case–sized purse, an angel loses its wings. Which blows 'cause angel wings can only be harvested off the backs of living angels to make truly beautiful pelts for winter coats.

The real tragedy here, lies with respectable leather goods companies that have happily cured and tanned for years before deciding they want to get into the monogramming game. Fendi *Zucca* is the cut-off point. Holy Murakami (Takashi not Haruki), don't trot out a Crayola rip-off of an already cloying creation. The only Cs we love interlock and make us stalk Karl Lagerfeld.

For our corneas' sake, dispense with emblazoning fugly graphemes on totes and as a consumer, if you're going to brave Chinatown for a bootleg, get something worthy of mimicry. A fake Goyard weekender you treat like shit is hilarious. A fake monogram Dooney & Bourke you carry with pride is a hate crime.

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